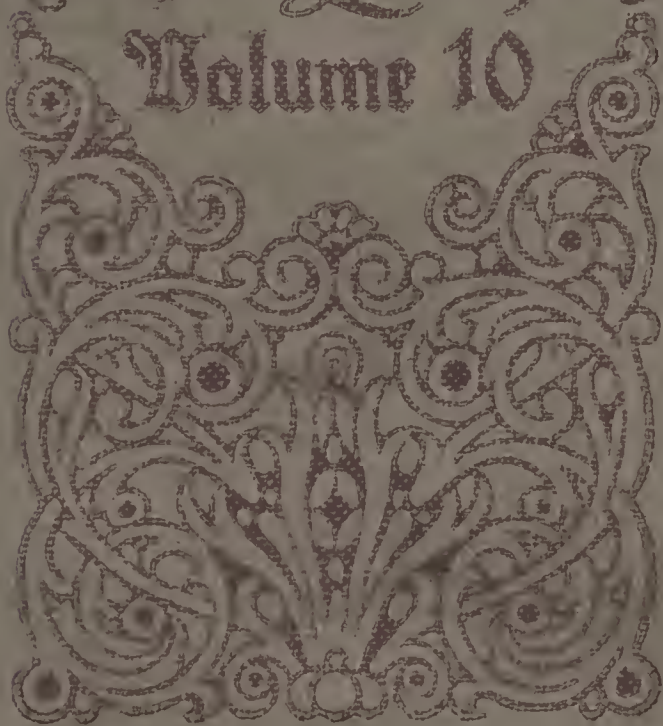


The Best Stories
by the Foremost
Catholic Authors
Volume 10





Class PZ 1

Book B 45 B

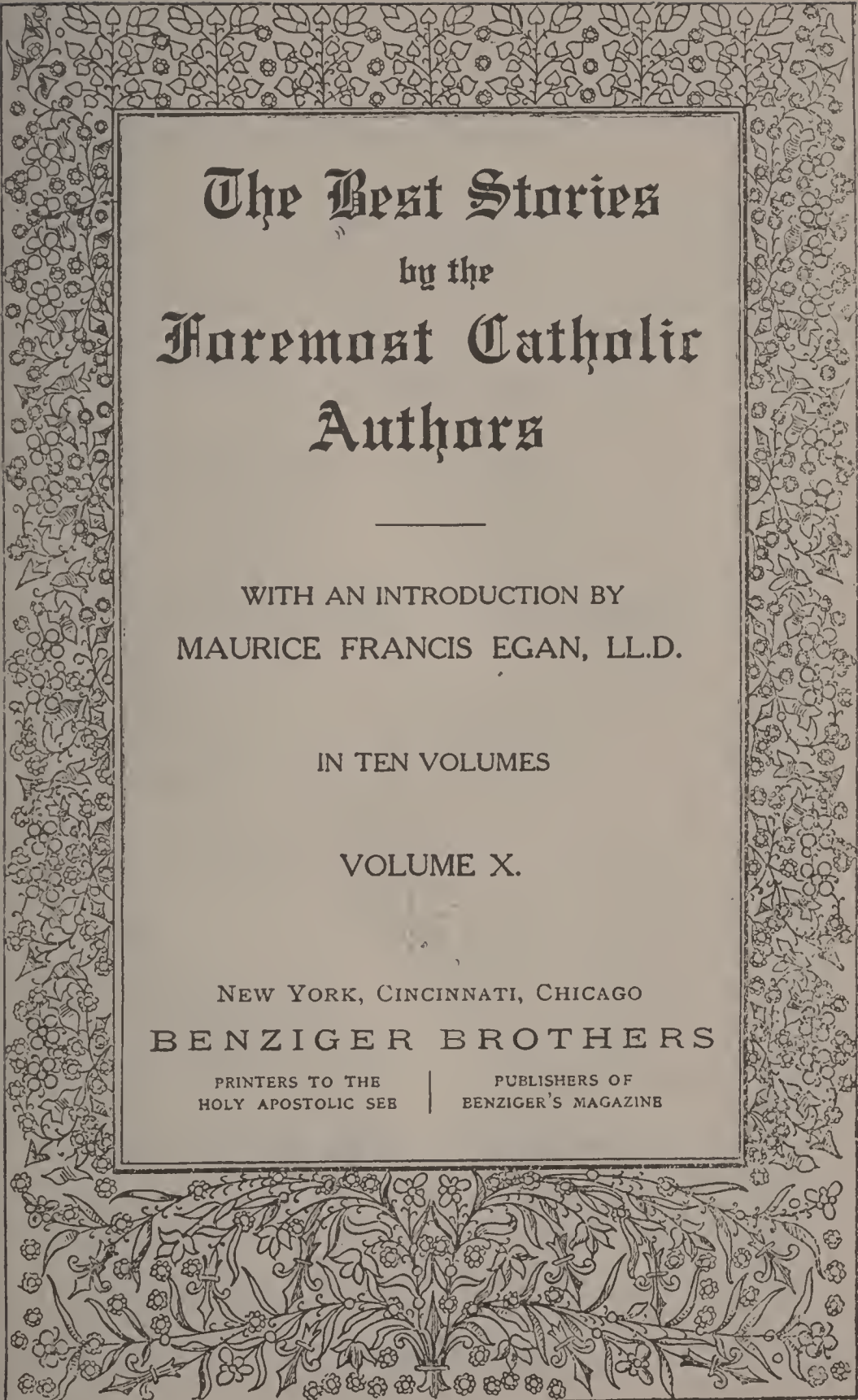
Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

List of Contributors:

Richard Humerle
Rev. Robert H. Benson
Florence S. Barrett
George Barton
Mary G. Bonesteel
Bertha Bondy
Rev. David Bearne, S.J.
Lelia Hardin Bugg
Katherine E. Conway
George M. A. Cain
Mrs. Francis Chadwick
Mary C. Crowley
Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J.
Alice Dease
Eleanor C. Donnelly
Ella Loraine Dorsey
Maurice F. Egan
Rev. Francis Finn, S.J.
M. E. Francis
Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J.
Alice R. M. Garland
Juliet H. Gallaher
Theo. Gift
Jerome Harte
Cahir Healy
Katharine C. Hinkson
R. B. Sheridan Knowles
Grace Keon
Karl Klaxton
Lady Amabel Kerr
May Lowe
Frances Maitland

Shiela Mahon
Mary E. Mannix
Sophie Maude
Jennie May
Clara Mulholland
Rosa Mulholland
Mary O'Connor Mahoney
M. C. Martin
Lillian Mack
Anna Blanche McGill
Hora Cynan O'Mahony
S. M. O'Malley
Rev. M. Ott, O.S.B.
Josephine Portuondo
Edith M. Power
George Ralston
Maud Regan
Christian Reid
Magdalen Rock
M. F. Nixon-Roulet
Henrietta Dana Skinner
Elsa Schmidt
Rev. John Talbot Smith
Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan
Anna C. Sadlier
P. G. Smyth
M. M. Stratner
H. P. Stow
Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J.
Marion Ames Taggart
Mary C. Waggaman
Honor Walsh

The entire cover is framed by a wide, intricate border of repeating floral and leaf motifs. The central text is enclosed in a rectangular frame.

The Best Stories

by the

Foremost Catholic Authors

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO
BENZIGER BROTHERS

PRINTERS TO THE
HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE

PUBLISHERS OF
BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE

PZ
B450
40X

Copyright, 1910, BY BENZIGER BROTHERS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A FRUSTRATE WILL. By Marion Ames Taggart.....	7
HER SOLDIER. By Marion Ames Taggart.....	19
THE MASCOT. By M. M. Stratner.....	31
THE HALF BROTHER. By Sallie Margaret O'Malley..	43
A DEAD LETTER. By Mary T. Waggaman.....	55
THE KING'S CHAMBER. By P. G. Smyth.....	65
ANNABEL'S BOARDER. By Mary T. Waggaman.....	83
THE PORTRAIT OF MR. HENRY WASHINGTON. By George Ralston.....	97
GOD DISPOSES. By Mrs. Francis Chadwick.....	107
A "MIXED" LOVE. By Mary T. Waggaman.....	121
MRS. RAYMOND'S NARROW ESCAPE. By Marion Ames Taggart	135

A CLIENT OF ST. JOSEPH. By Josephine Portuondo. . .	147
OUR LADY OF TRIM. By P. G. Smyth.	155
KARL'S RAID. By Mary G. Bonesteel.	165
"IN FREEDOM'S NAME." By Alice R. M. Garland. . .	175
A STROKE OF LUCK. By Magdalen Rock.	189
JACK, THE BOY FROM TEMPO. By Cahir Healy.	199
THROUGH A SPECIALIST. By Magdalen Rock.	209
MISS WEEKS. By M. C. Martin.	217
AN ALIBI. By Magdalen Rock.	245

A Frustrate Will

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

WHEN Sebastian Worth was carried out of his dignified doorway, never to re-enter, the prosperity of the house made its exit with its master, returning no more than he returned. It was the not-unusual case of an American business man whose successful career easily obtained every comfort for his family, except the comfort of security. The Worths lived in light-hearted luxury, for which Mr. Worth's salary more than sufficed, but with his life ended that salary, and there was nothing back of it.

Less than nothing it proved when investigation after his death disclosed a running accompaniment of indebtedness to the life just ended—debts that had been paid from year to year—or their like—only to be lightly contracted in other directions as they were paid. It was a part of the touch-and-go manner in which Sebastian Worth had encountered existence, the optimism that made him so careless, so charming, so profoundly missed by his widow

and their one surviving child, a girl of eighteen.

Charlotte Worth was not in the least like either of her parents. Not like her frail, dependent mother, still less like her careless, debonair father. She was a self-reliant, thoughtful young creature, with a sense of duty that dominated even her childish plays, and with an earnestness of purpose that made her perform that duty at all cost and undeviatingly. It was a revelation of her character that her father had never succeeded in establishing the nickname of "Charlie" which he had devised for her—even when she was a very little Charlotte, she was yet Charlotte.

To this pale, serious girl the situation in which her bereavement left her was faced, assumed rather, with **an** exaltation of consecration. Father, home, income all swept away, it followed to her mind that her stricken mother's only child must be her reliance. In her wakeful hours in which the girl of eighteen looked down the coming years she vowed herself wordlessly to the task; one day her mother should have another home and the comforts that she needed, and Charlotte would provide it, having first discharged the debts which were her sole legacy on beginning life.

The girl had received no especial training; she had been sent to good schools, had read eagerly, hence her education was of a high order. But there had never seemed to her father any necessity for his daughter to be armed against misfortune, so, in an era of specialties and a demand for trained labor, Charlotte was utterly untrained. There was no time to waste now in acquiring the deficient training. With a courage that was not sanguine, but as fixed as granite, the solemn creature, hardly more than a child, and looking bigger-eyed and more slender than ever in her heavy black frock, set out to accomplish her task.

Intelligent, indefatigable, single in purpose, quick of wit, yet thorough, reliable to a scruple, Charlotte could not fail. In the office where she sat among fifteen gay, irresponsible, under-bred girls, Charlotte was conspicuous. Her employers singled her out for higher and more work, and her salary leaped from the entrance reward of six dollars a week to twice that sum. Charlotte went home, not with songs in her heart that night, but with an organ peal that was a hymn at once of thanksgiving and of petition. This had been quickly wrought; if only the next step upward might be taken as quickly, and be not a

step, but a stride! For little Charlotte, going home nightly, strong of heart, but weary of limb, began to see the way long ahead before her end should be attained.

Out of the munificence of this, her first success, Charlotte and her mother contrived their living, but the day had not come when the first deposit toward her father's debts could be made by this defender of his honor.

The black gowns of her first mourning, not replaced, were rusty when the child resumed the colors of her untried girlhood. Fortunately there was enough to clothe her well for some time to come, and in the evening, up in the melancholy room of the Worths' cheap boarding-house, tired Charlotte and her tearful mother remodelled this store into modern shapes.

Charlotte rarely tasted pleasure; she was too tired, for one thing, could not afford it for another, and the friends of happier days, meaning to be kind, forgot the girl whom they had known and whose reticence had debarred from intimacies.

Yet somewhere between her desk and her sleeping-place—she had no home—love espied the little recluse and sought her out, drawn by

the sweetness of her pale face, the beauty of soul that would appeal only to a nature somewhat on the order of her own. Charlotte listened to the eternal song of springtime; it was sung to her in the spring when birds and blossoms are busy with love and growth, listened with color creeping into her cheeks and soft rapture into her eyes. But she did not listen long. The hope of joy excluded the hope of accomplishing her purpose; it would have involved leaving her work undone, her mother unprovided for, and while her pulses thrilled, and her heart leaped at the sound of her lover's voice, Charlotte was scarcely tempted. She turned away from her chance of happiness at the cost of failure, as she understood failure, knowing that for her, romance was over and done with forever.

After this Charlotte grew older. At twenty-five she was hardly young, more silent than ever, more wan, not less patient, if possible more steadfast. And yet the debts were not paid, the home of which she dreamed not begun. All that she earned was required for her own and her mother's barren existence.

At last hard-hearted fortune smiled on Charlotte; she came home one night with buoyant step

and smiling lips. She had an offer, a really splendid offer, from the discerning but procrastinating firm for whom she worked. They had long seen that Charlotte was invaluable to them, and at last they evinced that knowledge. Henceforth she was to hold a position of trust and confidence, and her salary was to be commensurate with her deserts. It was a day of exciting eventfulness. With this offer, this promotion, and but two hours later, had come to Charlotte's knowledge, through an elderly man whom she had interested, the opportunity to secure a little suburban house. It could be bought of a building company, and on the installment plan on terms which—since the promotion—were within possibility for Charlotte. Her elderly adviser was in the real estate business, and had the control of this new "Sunset Park" which glowed at investors from the walls of his office, laid out on maps in mathematical precision of length and squares, and curving crescents. He could give Charlotte special advantages if she cared to secure herself the corner house in the very center and best of the town-to-be, close by the lake which was to constitute its greatest attraction.

Charlotte almost ran into the house, and threw

her hat on the bed with a girlish movement unlike herself. She poured out to her mother the history of that eventful day.

“I believe that the tide has turned, mamma!” she cried, breathless, flushed, triumphant. “I think I may venture to begin to buy the house! We can live in it for less than it costs us to board, and it will be an investment. And it will be our home, our home, mamma! The home I have been working for, praying for, dreaming of all this time! I have figured and figured; I’m sure there is no risk. I have allowed for misfortune, for sickness, and yet I have enough to begin our house and pay off the debts faster than I ever hoped to pay them. You know it isn’t as though I did not know Lincoln and Hertz, or they didn’t know me—only think how long I have been with them! So the new position is a certainty; I shall not lose it! I can afford our home—mamma, I am going to give you a home again, just as I vowed to do, just as I would die to do! And they are the dearest little houses, mamma! You ought to see the bay window and the long outside chimney, and the tiny butler’s pantry—maybe we shall get so rich that we can have a little butler to put in it, mamma; a boy butler that will just

match it! We will go out to see Sunset Park to-morrow after church!"

Her mother could hardly realize that it was Charlotte, Charlotte flushed, laughing, bright of eye, young, glad as only they can be glad who have sacrificed everything for a righteous end and see success within their grasp.

The elder and the younger woman made their excursion on the next day, a beautiful October Sunday, full of enough slumberous, golden sunshine to have beautified a less attractive little nest than the house at which they had come to look. Charlotte returned in a rapture, and the next day she entered upon her new duties, her increased wealth, and received the deed of the corner-house by the lake, subject to certain conditions now made easy for her to fulfil.

The Worths moved almost immediately into the house, redolent of fresh plaster, varnish and hope. They did not—because they could not—furnish it at once. They bought what was absolutely needed, in a good quality and good design, and were to picnic until the rest should be possible.

"What fun it will be to furnish piecemeal, mamma!" cried Charlotte. "We can't furnish

much for two years; I have figured it will not take less than that to pay poor papa's debts—but once in a while I shall have saved enough to come home at night with a bureau under my arm, or an easy-chair in my shawl strap."

It was a new experience to hear Charlotte talking nonsense, but happiness was teaching her girlhood's ways. She forgot the hidden ache in her heart as she arranged her microscopic new cupboards. To a woman who is womanly the house, her home, is so largely part of marriage that Charlotte was consoled for her own refusal of love by the little house which—one might almost say whom—she loved.

When, after five happy months of home-keeping, of nightly arrival as a commuter to Sunset Park to find the tiny house not a dream but a blissful reality, Charlotte fell lightly ill, no one was alarmed. Even after the dread word "typhoid" had been pronounced still there was no reason for anxiety, "it was an abortive case," the doctor said. The most patient of patients, Charlotte herself did not worry, until, suddenly, there came upon her the characteristic exhaustion of that perfidious fever, and she rallied from what seemed the very brink of the grave.

Her great eyes looked wistfully at her mother.

"I must get well," she whispered. "You could not keep the house. I must get well to finish paying for it—and the debts."

"There is no danger, my dear one," said her mother, hoping that she was right. "But if that were all, you need not worry. I have had a letter to-day from Aunt Norbert; at last she has remembered our poverty and her wealth. She writes me that I may tell you to feel easy as to me, for she would take your place. As though any one on earth could take your place, Charlotte, my dearest daughter! As though I could live without you!"

She caught herself up in a sob, and rushed away. Charlotte turned on her side with a smile and a sigh. "I won't die, mother dear," she murmured. "I couldn't die, for if I died I should have failed."

Nevertheless, Father Davidson was sent for late in the evening of the next day in hot haste, because Charlotte Worth was dying. He stood looking down on her after the last rites were administered, tears rolling down his cheeks, for he had baptized her, and had loved her from her

babyhood with a heart brimming with respectful pity for her hard fate.

And now it was all over, the brief, pitiful little life that had been lived for others! Charlotte stirred and looked up at him; already the priest's tall figure was dim to her eyes.

"You need not fear, Charlotte; just a breath—and then such joy!" he said close to her ear.

"It wasn't for myself," she whispered. "It wasn't for myself! But I wanted to finish; I could have finished, and I have failed."

"You have succeeded, dear; it is the fighting that means success, and you fought to the very end," said the priest.

"I wanted—to pay—it all. I wanted—to finish—" The voice trailed away through inarticulate murmurs into everlasting silence.

Father Davidson went home sorrowful, wondering. She had asked so little! Just to pay her careless father's debts, just to provide her mother with a clear title to the little house in Sunset Park! And after such weary hardship, now, when the way lay clear to her unselfish end the girl lay dead, her task incomplete. Her desire had been so righteous!

A group of girls passed him, loud in voice, in colors, in manner. He caught the words of one as they went by. "I told my mother I couldn't help it if it took it all; she'd had her day, and I meant to have mine, no matter what!"

And Charlotte lay dead! The old mystery of the chastening of the well-beloved! Yet how wrong he was! He had spoken truly to that dying ear. Success is not achievement, but unflagging effort. A flawless life, perfectly lived, to utter renunciation, even to the renunciation of her high purpose, her devoted will! No, Charlotte had not failed! His loving pity for the child he had known made him forget the martyr with the highest crown, who has not the consolation of a triumph. In the pathetic frustration of her will Charlotte's life was rounded and complete.

Her Soldier

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

MR. RICHARD BURNETT, the lawyer, walked through the cemetery on Memorial Day. The faint echoes of the military band reached him, for the companies appointed to the task had but just laid their flowers upon the graves of their comrades, and the cemetery was filled with his townspeople walking quietly down the paths between the mounds, looking at the memorials left for those who had served their country in war, and renewing their memories of their own dead, who had also served her, perhaps as effectually, in peace. Lawyer Burnett knew most of them, as was natural to the most successful lawyer in the town, and he passed the various groups with a smile and a word for many as he paced slowly through the well-kept walks.

Over to one side he saw a figure clad in rather shabby black, busily engaged in hanging wreaths, unmistakably home-made, on the arms of a plain stone cross, and carefully covering with flowers the grave which this cross marked. Beside the

grave to which the woman was giving her solicitous attention was another. Its monument was imposing, a flag depended from the broad top, another flag waved at the foot of the grave, and flowers, left by the soldiers, generously garlanded its turf.

The lawyer paused, and then crossed over to where this mother was compensating her civilian son for the public remembrance of his gallant brother and its forgetfulness of himself. The self-contained, silent woman had always interested the lawyer, and he welcomed the opportunity to talk with her, hoping to discover whether his suspicions were correct that she stood in need of the pension which he had been successful in obtaining for many, but for which this woman had never applied. Her soldier son had distinguished himself, and his town was proud of him. He it was who had ridden out under the enemy's hottest fire, leaping on a horse as its rider fell, and, snatching the wavering colors from their wounded bearer's hand, had borne them aloft, rallying to them the panic-stricken ranks, and tiding over the moment of imminent defeat which was thus turned into an hour of victory. What did it matter that, his task accomplished,

a ball had pierced his brave heart? He had held his comrades together until their colonel dashed up to consolidate them and to lead them to victory, and he had died gloriously, after a glorious act, as it is given to few to die.

If his widowed mother had wept for him it had been secretly. The town had raised the monument to his memory, and his name had gone on living, an inspiration to patriotism and to courage. His brother, a quiet, pale, lame man, had followed him six years later, and lay beside him after an inoffensive life. Now the mother of them both was making the elder's grave to bloom as brightly as did the hero's.

Mr. Burnett came up with her so quietly that the woman did not hear him. She started, straightening her bent form, and raising a tearless, sorrowful face as he spoke.

"He was a brave fellow, Mrs. Jeffrey," he said.

"There never lived a braver," said the mother.

"I'm glad you knew it; very few did."

"Few? Well, I should hardly say that," returned Mr. Burnett gently. "This town isn't very large, but there are enough in it to make his fame worth having, even if the outside world did not honor him—as it does."

"Oh, you mean Harry! I thought you meant Clem," said the mother, and her face fell. "Harry was a brave lad, too, daring, hot-headed, generous. It was just like him to do what he did that day. I'm glad he was true to himself, and died so gallantly. He could hardly have acted otherwise; he never stopped to think, but dashed in to save a hurt animal, or to pummel a bigger boy than himself if he were tormenting the little ones in school. It was just like Harry to jump on that horse and ride into the hottest fight to save the colors. But he was not courageous, as Clem was courageous; beside Clem, Harry was not brave." She spoke with a thrill in her voice and placed a stray blossom straight on the arm of the cross, with a touch that was a caress.

"Clem braver than Harry? Quiet Clem?" suggested Mr. Burnett. "I always thought him the best of good boys, caretaking, faithful, good to you, but I— Well, Harry seemed to me the brave one, Mrs. Jeffrey."

"Of course, because you could not know how Clem was brave. But, though it is fine to be a fearless creature like Harry, and though I'm glad and grateful that he lived and died as he did, do you think courage of body is equal to the

courage of mind that knows how to bear, to give up everything and do humdrum duty every day, though heart and soul are starving? That was Clem's courage. If Harry fought it was because Clem fought harder, and if Harry saved the day when that rout threatened, it was Clem who made it possible."

"By standing devotedly at his post here? Very likely you are right, Mrs. Jeffrey. The world can not measure that sort of hero, and the glamour of Harry's kind of heroism is strong. Will you tell me about Clem?" said the lawyer.

"It's not for me to lessen my boy's glory," said the mother, as she freed the folds of the flag at the foot of Harry's grave from the thorns on the long-stemmed roses which had caught it. "But he does not need my praise, and no one else but me knew Clem. When the call for volunteers came, Harry wanted to go to the war, but Clem burned to fight for his country. Harry was patriotic, too, but he never went into things as deep as Clem; Harry was impatient to be off to the front, and his warm heart beat true to the cause, but Clem saw that we were fighting for the life of the nation, and his passion for his country burned at white heat. But he said: 'I'm lame,

Harry; it is not for me. Go in my place; a lame man can fulfil his humdrum duties, but he can not serve his country. Go, and fight for two, and I'll take care of mother.'

"There didn't seem to be any choice then, for Clem was lame, you remember—not much, but enough to prevent his enlisting. I never knew till long afterward that he might have gone to Washington and filled an important post in the commissary department—Senator Ripton got it for him. Clem would have welcomed even that service, but he said nothing, sent Harry away, and stayed here with me uncomplaining.

"Harry was earning a good income when he enlisted, and Clem and he divided the expenses of our home. When Harry went the burden fell on Clem alone. There was a girl—do you remember Margaret Easton, that pretty, sweet, good little creature who married Dan Black, and went away to the west—where they say he broke her heart? She's dead too, dear little Margaret! Clem loved her. He never had seen any other girl but her, not with more than outside sight, which isn't seeing, but merely looking at a person. It was not an engagement, but he meant it to be one, and Margaret was beginning to care for Clem,

Before Harry went away Clem had enough to warrant his planning to marry, but when Harry enlisted, and Clem had to support me alone it was different. I did not understand then, or I would have taken care of myself, as I have since my boys left me. Clem never said a word to me, and somehow, in the midst of the excitement of the war, and Harry's going, I was blind enough not to see. He felt that he had no right to ask Margaret to wait for an uncertain happiness, so he left the little girl to a certain unhappiness which awaited her, and took up his life silently—my honorable Clem! I think now that Margaret wondered and worried a while when Clem dropped all the little attentions that he had been paying to her, but her feeling for him had not grown beyond the beginning of love, and before the year had passed Dan Black came here with his handsome face and charming manner, and Margaret forgot my Clem. It was just when we first began to wonder if Black's fancy for Margaret was going to prove more than a fancy that Harry's term expired, and he wrote offering to come home. Soldiering was not what he had pictured it, he said, and he was rather tired of long marches, guard duty, and all the dulness of a routine that

had not yet shown him an engagement bigger than a skirmish. He guessed, so he wrote, that the Union could be saved without him, and if Clem needed him he would come home.

“It must have been harder to make the sacrifice a second time, with Dan Black, whom he disliked and distrusted, throwing his spell around Margaret, than it was to have sent Harry in the first place, but Clem did not hesitate. He wrote the dear boy such a letter, so full of his own enthusiasm, his passion for the cause for which Harry had taken arms, that no one could have resisted its appeal. And he signed it: ‘Your useless, crippled brother, Clem.’ Useless! Harry wrote back that there was never such a recruiting officer as that same brother Clem, and that he had enlisted until the end after he read that letter. So we were pledged, Clem and I, to patience until Washington or Richmond should have fallen. Within three months Dan Black married Margaret. Clem grew quieter, paler—he was always a silent child, and not too strong, but he kept on with his monotonous duties. We had hard work to live, for matters went badly and what with that, and the high prices, and the difficulty of keeping his mind on the routine that chafed him when all his

soul was away in Virginia, or following Sherman through Georgia, Clem had a grinding martyrdom. He bore it without complaint, with a courage that even I, his mother, close by his side, did not fully appreciate. It seemed to me he was growing lamer; he had been but slightly lame, and now he began to walk painfully, and depend upon a cane. Later I knew that he was racked through sleepless nights and agonized days by the hip disease which developed rapidly from that time until we laid him here beside Harry, six years afterward.

“When the news came that Harry was dead, and for a day the whole country rang with the dear lad’s courage that had saved his regiment from rout, Clem’s face shone with a light of triumph that for the moment precluded grief. And then he came and knelt beside me, and laid his head on my knee as he had done when he was a sensitive child, hurt and suffering under the cruelties of coarser boys, and asked me if I could ever forgive him. We were both glad that Harry had done his duty, glad that he had been given the chance to rise up for that last moment out of the ranks of the thousands around him to do a signal service to his country—but though

we were glad, he had been our boy Harry—and he would not return to us.

“I think Clem never felt easy in his mind, not precisely blaming himself for having kept Harry at his post, yet conscious that but for him the boy would have come back to me. I used to catch him watching me on the sly to surprise on my face the regret he suspected I was hiding. But I felt no regret. I gave my boy, and I would not grudge my gift. Life is a complicated matter, though ; Clem and I were satisfied, more than that, were grateful for Harry’s gallant death, yet the burden of having urged him to reenlist was never lifted from my poor Clem.

“You know the rest of the story, Mr. Burnett. You remember that Clem became crippled indeed, and lay suffering patiently for nearly four years, suffering in mind more than in the bodily pains that racked him, because he was helpless, and not only could not provide for me, but was consuming our small store in his long illness. Uncomplaining, patient under this, the hardest burden that could have been laid upon one of his nature, he bore it until the delayed end. I was glad again when I brought my son here to be laid at rest beside his brother. He was the true

soldier, my brave Clem. Was there ever a fight fought on a field such as the fight Clem made? And he did not enlist for a term, but to the end. They talk to me of my soldier son, but I do not think of Harry., They decorate Harry's grave on Memorial Day, but I make garlands for the hero that gave Harry—and gave all else, his strong soul denied the relief of action, uncheered by plaudits or appreciation. This is my soldier son, Mr. Burnett."

She laid her hand tenderly on the plain cross, and the lawyer bared his head.

"You are quite right," he said. "One question, please. You have no pension, yet the mother of Harry Jeffrey would be granted one at the first suggestion. Won't you let me apply for one for you, completing the work Clem longed to do of providing for you?"

The woman drew herself up, and spread before him her work-worn hands.

"I *gave* my sons; I did not sell them to my country," she said quietly. "These hands are all I need. I would not take money for Harry's gallant death—for those two gallant deaths."

The lawyer bowed low to her. "There is no answer, no protest possible, madam," he said.

And with a bow in return the widow left him.

Lawyer Burnett went away slowly along the winding paths, pondering the story which he had heard. It seemed to him that he had seen the mother of them who had gone to die in the Colosseum. It was not hard to recognize the source of Harry's high daring, of Clem's silent endurance. "By and by there should be a Memorial Day commemoration of her, too," he thought.

The Mascot

BY M. M. STRATNER.

"THERE goes the doorbell! And if it is a tramp sure enough, what am I to do? There it goes again! Wish I was back at the 'Good Luck' ranch in Texas, where they don't have doorbells and tramps!"

The doorbell became insistent, so little Mary slipped around from the back part of the house, slowly, lightly, silently: she would peep around the corner and see what was in connection with that bell.

Closely she had crept along the wall, up to the very corner, and holding her skirts well back of her, she craned her neck a little forward. Just then the doorbell gave another sharp, loud peal—and Mary pitched full length on the walk.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; but in a thrice she was up again, and looking with big, round, inquiring eyes at the man who now had stepped quickly forward, intending to aid the little girl.

"Are you hurt?" said the man.

"Hurt!" and the scorn in Mary's voice said

all there needed to be said on *that* subject. "But who are you? Are you a tramp? I've never seen a tramp, and I can't see any sort of a brand on you, but, anyway, I mustn't let you in, for uncle's gone on a sick-call and his housekeeper's gone to market, and I'm all alone. Uncle told me never to let anybody in when he and Mrs. King were both gone, for he said there were a lot of bad tramps in cities that makes excuses to get into houses to steal things. I'm from Texas, where they don't have tramps, but real nice cowboys, and cowboys don't steal. They used to call me 'Mascot' at our ranch. If you was a cowboy, now—" and suddenly the voluble child ceased speaking, and looked at the man as though hoping that, notwithstanding his tall silk hat, his suit of broadcloth, his gold-headed cane and his gloves—call *them* gloves!—he might perchance, metamorphose himself into a beleggined, sombreroed cowboy.

"I used to be," came the low, and it seemed almost involuntary, response from the man.

"Sure enough? Then you're decent. Come around with me. The front door's locked, and I can't open it anyway; besides, who wants to go into a poky house when they can just as well be

out-o'-doors? The back part of the house is where I stay when I'm alone at home. I like it best. The back yard is all full of pretty flowers while the front yard's nothing but street and brick-walk."

Without waiting for a reply, Mary turned, as though there was no question about her *fiat* being obeyed implicitly and without argument. She conducted the dazed gentleman to a large, vine-shaded piazza that ran the full length of the back part of the modest brick cottage. There were potted-plants all about, and several easy chairs. Motioning to one of the latter she said:

"There, take that big one—that's the house-keeper's. She's big and fat like you, so the chair 'll just fit you. My! I tell her she ought to go out to the ranch and get on a pony and help in a few roundups. I can't see how you got so fat, being a cowboy. Mrs. King doesn't like my way of saying things, and she's always telling me not to say this and not to say that. She's real good to me, though, for she's going to help uncle reform me. That's uncle's business, you know—reforming folks—for he's a priest. But when his housekeeper puts up her hands and says: 'O child, child, poor, poor child; what awful

raising you have had!’ ” (and Mary mimicked the good old lady to perfection, causing even the staid, dignified gentleman to smile) “then I want to say something real naughty and saucy, for I was raised just as right as could be—considering.

“But were you once a cowboy, sure enough?” she asked.

“Yes, I was a cowboy, long, long ago. So long ago I had almost forgotten it.”

“Oh, I love cowboys—and they all love me. I was the only child for miles and miles and miles, and my boys used to call me their mascot, and they gave me a pony and were awful good to me. I just had everything—that is, till ma died. Poor ma—but there, I’m forgetting again. Uncle says I must not say ‘ma’, but must say ‘mother.’ Mother was ill, and pa—I mean, father—thought taking her out to the plains would help her. It did for a while, but then she died anyway.”

The tears came into Mary’s eyes, but she dashed them aside as she pushed back her curls and held her head up straighter as though defying even the memory of that dear, departed mother to cause her to be anything but brave.

“Then father brought me here to uncle’s to be educated,” she continued. “Mother had been a

Protestant, but she taught me my prayers and the catechism like—father told her to. She would have been baptized, herself, if we would have had a priest handy, but then when she suddenly came to die, father had to give her conditional baptism.”

If at first, the gentleman had felt it his duty to check the child's confidences to a stranger, he became gradually so interested in her story, and so fascinated by her unconscious ingenuousness, that he quite forgot that duty; in fact, her voluble talkativeness gave him no time to really think of anything but of what she had to say.

“Oh, it was awful!” she then went on. “With mother gone, father heartbroken, the boys all sad—for the boys all loved my mother—and then me having to say good-by to them all when father decided to bring me here! Then father had to go right back to Texas.

“All this—” and Mary's sweep of arm seemed to encompass not only the flower-grown yard, but the whole city and all its inhabitants—“is so different to that which I was used to. I'd 'a' died from lonesomeness, but uncle set me right to work. I've got to study lots, of course, 'specially grammer; *that* I think's awful hard and most a nui-

sance; but then, too, I've got to keep uncle's church spick and span, sweeping and dusting it, and I help Mrs. King trim the altars. And I ring the Angelus—my, but I like that! I often wonder how that would sound out on the ranch in Texas. If I ever go back there I'm going to make all the boys pray the Angelus, if I even have to ring the ranch bell to make them do it.

“Do you know, I was born on the birthday of the Blessed Virgin; that's why I'm called Mary, and that's why I'm allowed to have charge of the Blessed Virgin's altar myself. And, oh, on that account there's something else extra: the Blessed Virgin likes me, 'specially, and will give me 'most anything good that I need or want if I pray to her for it. I'm praying for a big, big favor now; and I'm going to keep it up till it happens.

“You see, there's a man, a Protestant, that's got a mortgage on uncle's church, and he's just about to take it away from him, for uncle hasn't got the interest ready. Now what would a Protestant do with a Catholic church? Besides he's awful, awful rich, and don't need that interest, either: but uncle says it's got to be paid, so he saves and saves and skimps and skimps—he actually doesn't eat enough.

“But, oh, that reminds me! Won’t you come and see our church? I’ve got something to do there right now, and you can come along.”

Mary had not yet learned to still her chattering tongue even to wait for replies to her questions, so she took her visitor by the hand, and, willy-nilly, led him on.

“Anyway, I’ve got to put my ’special bouquet on the Blessed Virgin’s altar.”

With the gentleman silent and acquiescing, at her side, she, chattering all the while, gathered a large bouquet of flowers, and then led him down the grape-covered walk to the door of the sacristy. Entering the sacristy, Mary devoutly made the sign of the cross, and lowered her voice to a reverential whisper. Then she led her visitor into the church, and making a deep genuflection before the high altar, she passed on to the side altar of the Blessed Virgin. Making another genuflection, she placed her flowers in a vase which stood directly at the feet of the statue.

Turning to the man who had followed her and now stood beside her, she whispered: “That’s my secret. I’ll tell you because, somehow, I like you. Besides praying about that mortgage, I’m praying, ’specially, for that man. You see, being

a Protestant, he doesn't know how happy he'd be if he were a Catholic. I'm so sorry for him, and I'm praying to the Blessed Virgin every day to ask her Son, Jesus, to make him know. Now you kneel down and pray for him too," and Mary knelt, while her compelling little hand had forced the man to kneel beside her.

Reverently she bowed her head and said her prayers silently. Her prayer finished, she waited for her guest to rise. "My, but he's saying a long prayer!" she thought to herself, as the man stayed kneeling with his head bent, and seemingly absorbed.

At last he arose, and then Mary proceeded to show him all the beauties, individually and collectively, of the sacred edifice. Meanwhile, she discussed the subject of that mortgage—that vague horror which she could not fully understand, but which pressed so heavily on her mind because it threatened to take away her church, her Blessed Virgin statue, and maybe even her Angelus—and how she was praying, and persuading others to pray to her Blessed Virgin to help.

"I wrote to the boys, too, and made them promise to each say three Hail Marys every day," she told him. "They didn't know the Hail

Mary, so I wrote it off for every one of them so they could learn it. Imagine any one not knowing the Hail Mary! I've that and a lot of other nice prayers to say, and sometimes there's prayers that I just think. But besides that, I don't eat but one piece of bread and butter or jam besides my bit of oatmeal for breakfast; and I'm going to fast that way until something happens about that mortgage. Mrs. King thought I was sick because I didn't eat much breakfast, and she was going to give me some nasty medicine, so I had to tell her. She promised, though, she wouldn't tell. I don't mind telling you; men don't tell, at least cowboy men don't tell secrets, for it wouldn't be hon'a'ble for them, you know.

"And just think of it! Our prayers must have helped some way already, for the boys wrote to me that they were quite sure that the interest money would be ready on the very day it would be needed, and so the mortgage couldn't hurt for a whole year anyway. I'm sure it is true, because cowboys never tell lies, you know."

By this time the man and the girl had returned to the flower-garden. The man now said that he must go. No, he would not wait for the uncle; he might call some other time. But would Mary

give him a kiss and just one flower to remember her by?

"Why truly, truly, I will," replied Mary; "that is, if you'll promise to pray for my 'tention just like the other boys do. I'll give you a spray of forget-me-not; that's what I sent to the boys, and, oh, yes, wait!" She disappeared within the house, but soon ran out again: "I sent them each a medal, too, so here's one for you. I wrote them that the medal should be their mascot now, so it can be yours, too. You must put it around your neck just as soon as you get home."

The man received the medal and the flowers, and put them carefully inside a pocketbook. He then stooped, and the little maid gave him a sweet, innocent kiss.

"God bless you, child," he murmured.

"Good-by, sir. Be sure and remember," answered Mary; and back she went to her little tasks, all unconscious that she had, practically, just cancelled the mortgage.

She was not at all surprised when, a few weeks later, she was told that there was no more mortgage; but she wondered why her very reserved uncle took her up in his arms and kissed her afterwards.

"I guess it's because I started the praying, but it was in my place to do it when I belonged to the Blessed Virgin 'specially," she soliloquized.

Then about the same time there came a sum of money from the cowboys; and they wrote that as now there was no mortgage there was no need for this interest money, so it belonged by rights to her, to do as she liked with it. She took counsel with her uncle, and decided to use it for the poor, in the name of that poor Protestant man who used to have that mortgage. And she would keep right on praying for him, too.

It was years later, when it came time for her to go to college, and she knew not how her expenses could possibly be paid, that she was told the whole story—of how she had entertained that very man when he had come with the intention of seeing what the property was like over which he, through his agent, had gotten a mortgage. Being wholly given to the world, he had made money very fast, and had, on the day of his visit, no intention of leniency whatever. The child's innocence, her complete trust in him whom few others trusted, her telling him frankly that she liked him, and above all, her praying for him and unconsciously compelling him to even pray for

himself, had wrought in him a complete change of heart. It brought back to his mind the time when, as a very small child he, too, used to kneel and pray before the statue of the Blessed Virgin; for he had been baptized a Catholic. Losing his parents in early infancy, he had drifted beyond the pale of the Church, and in later years had scarcely ever remembered that he had not always been a Protestant.

All this he himself told to Mary; and finally succeeded in gaining her consent to allow him to send her to college, and to act as her fairy godfather in general.

The Half Brother

BY SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY.

RICHARD HENRY LEE of Virginia, standing in Congress "spoke an empire into birth." Afterwards, in 1788, in an open letter that evinced at once his patriotism and his fears for the future of the new Republic, he declared against the adoption of the Federal Constitution. His views were the same as many of his associates, men not so nobly gifted, perhaps, but equally honorable, equally solicitous for the country's good.

One of his followers was William Hill. When Captain Richard Hill, the father of the latter, came from England, he brought with him this son, a delicate boy whose mother had died early in life. In America, in the course of time, Captain Hill met and married Mistress Nancy Claiborne, a widow whose former husband justly claimed descent from that historic Claiborne who had been the terror of the Maryland colonists. The widow owned and prosperously kept a small provision-store in Norfolk. At the time she married Captain Hill, she had one son by her

former marriage, named Aaron. After his second marriage Captain Hill invested his money in land, and as both he and Mistress Nancy were thrifty, they soon became people of wealth and note.

The half-brothers, therefore—Aaron Claiborne and William Hill—accepted the Declaration of Independence, and fought for their convictions valiantly as many a battle record could testify. Before the war they became very good friends; Aaron excelling in athletic sports, William in oratory and sciences. While they were, in their respective ways, leaders in the school they attended, a new interest came into their lives, the birth of a son to the captain and his good wife.

The new brother, George, was as dear to one as to the other of the half-brothers, but they often quarreled over who loved him most.

“He is more my brother than yours,” Aaron would shout. “His mother is my mother.”

“But his name is Hill;” William insisted, “and so is mine.”

Often the war of words ended in a slap or kick, when the old captain would come in, unclasping his belt as he came, to “trounce” (as he said) “the mutinous rascals,” with an experienced

hand. A few years after witnessed the half-brothers in business. William became secretary and sometime companion to the governor. Aaron, whose ruddy blood liked the smell of the wood and the sight of the soil, went into the interior to look after his father's land. There he farmed, learning from the peaceful Indians to grow tobacco, maize, and the golden pompion. He married first, a dark-eyed, practical woman of the famous Randolphs. William found a consort in Richmond.

Soon after peace was declared, Captain Hill died, and William returned hastily to his father's house, sure that he and no other would be the appointed one to settle his father's affairs. Ethan Wharton, a lawyer and friend of the late Captain Hill, calmly set aside the son's questions with a will which left the property so evenly divided that the lips of the elder son were unable to speak a word of blame, up to a certain place, a little clause that grew into a mountain of perplexity.

George and his property were given into Aaron's care, the boy to be schooled and placed in business as Aaron willed.

The relations of the brothers became neighbor-

hood gossip, until Claiborne left the farm he loved, moving to a little place north of Boston, where he started a small mill, prospering as became an honest and industrious man. George attended school in Boston and was considered a brilliant debater and thorough Latinist.

At intervals William asserted his right to question Aaron's course, to advise, even command him. When the news came to William that Aaron accepted with fervor the Federal Constitution, he wrote letters accusing Aaron of little wisdom and treasonable haste, if not absolute ignorance in regard to the wants of the Republic, begging him not to impart any of his ideas to "my dear little brother George."

To these scholarly letters Aaron replied not, but sometimes he smiled grim approval over the letters "little George" wrote to his Uncle William.

It was in the beginning of the year 1788 that the boy sent a little letter to Virginia that put his uncle's temper to the test.

"My dear uncle," he wrote, "you will be glad to know I am improving in my Latin. Also I am beginning Greek. I hope this letter will find you in good health. I am about to tell you of our proposed celebration, but Uncle Aaron says

it would vex you. You will not hear from me again until after the procession which is to solemnize the ratification of the Federal Constitution. I will attend, as will Uncle Aaron, who hath charge of the Foresters."

William would not read another word. He threw the letter down and stamped on it.

"Thus he heeds my counsel," he muttered, as he marched down the hall to his wife's room.

"I am going to Boston!" he shouted, "and I will start to-day. Do you prepare for George, for I will return with him or return not at all."

His wife put her hands together appealingly.

"Is it possible? How can you reach Boston with the roads as they are? Our new carriage will be ruined; the day is far gone—"

"Chut!" ejaculated William. "I want my riding-suit and a change to take with me. I need no other servant than Isaac, who will ride the black mare."

Meanwhile George, who had brought brief word from the committeemen in Boston to Aaron, delivered his message to his uncle at the mill, he in his dusty miller's clothes and his bristling gray whiskers, his arms akimbo, looking of a piece with the wintry landscape.

"This is a great ado," exclaimed Aaron, "and glorious! We need to show our pride in the Republic."

He looked across the marshy land and the willow fringes to the gray outlines of Boston.

"I think I will keep thee at home this week, George." (He fell into use of the solemn style when excited). "There will be some errands to do, the men to notify. I may send thee as far as Anthony Bird's place. The Indians are friendly and the road clear. I'll make your peace with Master Beckley."

George snapped his fingers at the dogs, and hopped about to express his joy at this unusual freedom.

"Go tell your aunt. She will need to prepare for this, for go she must."

Aunt Elizabeth was spinning by the wide, low window when George ran in shouting, "News, news, Aunt Betty! We are to go to Boston to see the sights! Uncle Aaron is to lead the Sons of Freedom with sixteen foresters. You're to wear your flowered satin petticoat, with the blue bonnet of lace and fur, and all your rings, won't you, aunt? Uncle will need his buckles polished, his best waistcoat—"

"Chatter, chatter, chatter!" interrupted Aunt Elizabeth. "Tell me, straightway, the news."

She, too, was excited when she learned what the news foretold. She put away her wheel at once to talk over the great event.

"We will need to save for baking," she mused. "I hope the weather will be less severe, so the cows will give us a quantity of milk. If Candlemas is cloudy it will be a good omen."

"George, go to Nancy Allen's and say that I want her to help me with some sewing. I will turn my lavender silk and trim my bonnet with fresh ribbons. Tell her to come at once. Hasten, for uncle will need you, I have no doubt."

George ran down the road and beyond the point of woods that projected from a heavy forest and was soon lost to the vision of his aunt, who stood with her hand shading her eyes to watch the little figure on its way.

At the mill Uncle Aaron whistled gaily, and worked energetically to speed his tasks along.

"Now, who is this in such a hurry?" he asked as a black mare galloped along the path and stopped at the mill door, while the negro who rode her doffed his hat and smiled familiarly.

Had a spirit of evil appeared, Aaron would have looked less worried, less overcome.

"Master Will's a comin'," Isaac said laconically.

"When will he come?" asked Aaron, coldly.

"By night suah, sah. He done tol' me to come on an' tell you so."

Claiborne set his lips together firmly. "Do you know why he is coming?"

"No, sah. But he's in a tempah foh suah, sah, and a swahin' like a trooper."

"He will cool off," commented Aaron. However he hurried across the marshland to warn his wife.

"I must dress, and you. We will put our best foot to the fore to greet his majesty."

By the hour of William's arrival in the late dusk, Aaron was ready; his hair in the prevailing fashion, his silk stockings without a wrinkle, and his buckles glimmering in the firelight. He stepped down the stone steps and held out his hand, a smile, half-cynical, half-sincere, on his thin lips.

"I greet thee, William," he said. "If in peace—"

"Or in war," interrupted William, barely touching the outstretched hand.

But he greeted Aaron's wife like a courtier. "You are still young and fair," he complimented gravely. There was a whiff of trouble in the air, and Aunt Elizabeth hastened to show the visitor his room, whence he issued a little later, elegantly dressed. The half-brothers sat in gloomy silence, Aaron fearing to venture on any subject, when William asked explosively:

"Where is George? I hope he is at home."

His companion looked up, startled. "Where was George?" He had forgotten in the events of such a day. "He is here, of course," he answered angrily, "I wonder that he has not come in." He called aloud in no pleasant voice for George. Aunt Betty appeared, her face pale, her hands trembling.

"I sent him after Nancy," she exclaimed, "and he has not returned. I forgot about him until you called. I have been so disturbed to-day."

"Have you no other servants?" asked William with bitter scorn.

Aaron's face flushed. "We do not think as you think, nor live as you live. The boy understands." William sprang to his feet and raised his hand.

"Perhaps you have sent him away from me?" he cried threateningly.

The two faced each other angrily, but there came such a clamor at the hall door, such a hubbub of voices that Aaron ran out hastily.

"What is this?" he cried.

"Indians!" came an excited voice; "they are robbing our pens and taking the cattle, and I am sure they have George. I had a glimpse of them as they were sneaking into the woods."

Claiborne got into his heavy clothes, called his servants, mounted the best horse in his stable, and was off to the rescue before William had calmed sufficiently to ask of tearful Aunt Elizabeth the meaning of George's absence. When he learned, his face turned white as an altar cloth, dismay and anger both expressed in it, and he roused Isaac, who was nodding before the kitchen fire, and away they rode, determined to assist the rescuing party.

But William was ever an unfortunate man; urging his already wearied horse with whip, spur, and condemning voice, the poor animal stumbled, throwing the reckless rider head first against a tree, whence Isaac carried him to

Aaron's house, where he stayed through many bitter, reflective days.

After an absence of over a week, the men returned hopeless. The Indians, under the leadership of Caiashuta, an ever proud and rebellious chieftain, had made a marauding visit to the settlers, carrying George away because he had happened to be in their path. Fleeing from the pursuit, they took the boy with them, passing him from one camp to another, until the year was half gone, before he was rescued by a friendly Indian, near Sandusky. From this place he was sent home in the care of a Mr. Symmes, who had conducted a party of pioneers to settlements north of the Ohio river. George, brown, but hardy-looking and happy, said to his uncle, "I missed that procession, but it was not my fault."

"I missed it, too. I never thought a word about it until the committee protested against my lack of zeal."

William was lingering in Aunt Elizabeth's guest-chamber, an irritable and unreasonable invalid.

"Now!" he exclaimed, "I know you will return to Virginia with me. It is proved that Aaron can not care for you."

“Nay!” answered George, flushing, “I choose to stay here with Uncle Aaron and Aunt Bet. They have been good to me. Why should I run away from them?”

William sighed dismally. “Aaron, put me on my way in your carriage, and I will return to Virginia. I am not happy here.”

“That I will!” answered Claiborne heartily. “And,” with a happy thought, “George and I will return with you. It will do me good to see the old place.”

William smiled bitterly, but it was the beginning of a peace that grew in strength until George was called by the half-brothers, “our brother George, the eminent jurist.”

A Dead Letter

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

“FIFTY, fifty-five—sealed tight and fast, gentlemen, and looks as if it might be something valuable. Sixty, you say, sir; sixty, sixty, sixty-five do I hear? Sixty-five! going at sixty-five, going, going, gone! To you, sir,” and the auctioneer who was holding the annual Dead Letter Sale handed a small sealed package to the square-built, grizzled gentleman of middle age, who had paused on the verge of the idle, laughing crowd. For this yearly sale drew a crowd because of its unique character; all the unclaimed bundles, boxes and packages left in the general post-office being bought unopened by venturesome purchasers in the chance of securing, for a trifling price, some unseen treasure trove.

“Baby shoes, sugar-plums, hairpins, face powder,” hazarded half a dozen laughing voices; “open it—open it, and see!”

But Mr. Silas Stone, who had no mind to be the butt of the good-natured spectators, quietly pocketed his purchase, and walked away.

His friend, Judge Allen, had found a rare intaglio in this official housecleaning only last year, and Mr. Stone, who never let a business opportunity pass, had resolved to risk a dollar on blind chance this afternoon.

But with the comfortable placidity that comes to a bachelor of forty-five with a good digestion and a heavy bank account, Mr. Stone waited until he had disposed of an unexceptionable dinner, and was snugly ensconced in his big arm chair by his library fire before he looked into his sixty-five cent investment.

The little package, somewhat soiled and battered from its long journeying was sealed and prepaid carefully, and directed to "Marcus Elder, El Paso, Texas," whence it had been returned unclaimed many months ago. The purchaser broke the seal and string with due deliberation, and then his eyes opened into the indignant stare befitting an orthodox church member who finds himself suddenly confronted by a trick of the evil one.

For within was a Rosary—ay, even that Popish device—a Rosary; with the silver mounted beads and cross associated in the new possessor's mind with the deepest darkness of Rome.

Mr. Stone lifted the beads with reluctant touch. Beneath was the photograph of a woman's face, sad and sweet and worn, and a few written lines:

"Since we must part forever on earth, dear, let these blessed links unite our hearts in faith, in hope, in love, unchanging and undying, until we meet to part no more in heaven—"

"Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Stone, somewhat startled by the earnest pathos of the words, "some poor woman locked up in a convent, perhaps, sending out her last heartbroken farewell. Blessed links indeed! Meet in heaven! Too bad, too bad! And she is not ill-looking, either," continued the gentleman holding the picture critically to the student's lamp. "There is something very taking about her eyes. Blessed links, indeed! Rank Romish idolatry! I wonder who the dickens Marcus Elder is or was? I suppose I ought to throw the whole papistical business in the fire," reflected Mr. Stone, "but Marcus Elder might turn up some day. I'll keep it for him." And with this utterly improbable contingency confronting him, Mr. Stone thrust the little box back in a compartment of his desk out of sight. But not out of mind. The sweet, worn, sad

face, the tender, pathetic lines, haunted him strangely. Dry, dull, and prosaic, barren of all sentiment and fancy as his life had been, there were depths in Mr. Stone's bachelor heart, unplumbed, unguessed even by himself.

A fatherless, motherless boy, consigned early to hard, unsympathetic guardians and employers, he had never known the dreams, the hopes, the joys of youth. The sunshine of love had never reached his heart; the blessed light of an uplifting faith never wakened his soul. Life had been a cold, hard, gray path to him, and now that fortune had come he had grown used to his cautious way, and did not care for change. His office, his club, his Sunday sermon and dinner, his comfortable bachelor apartment filled up the measure of his needs. The Rosary with its picture, its message, broke in upon this dull monotony like a gleam, a whisper from an unknown world.

Again and again was the little box drawn from its hiding-place, the sweet, sad face studied, the few lines re-read, the Rosary regarded with doubtful, troubled eyes. Where were the two hearts these blessed links held—"in faith, in hope, in love unchanging and undying"? Ah, if

some one could speak, could write, could feel that for him, how life would change, Mr. Stone thought, with an odd thrill in his bachelor heart. What new light would break over his wintry way! What strange music fills its gray silence!

"Confound it all, I am turning fool," he muttered at last, after one of these contemplative moods. "I'll advertise for Marcus Elder, and get rid of the thing." And like the brisk man of business he was, Mr. Stone inserted the advertisement at once. And six weeks afterwards the answer came from a neighboring city, in the graceful, delicate handwriting the advertiser knew:

"Marcus Elder died in November. If you have anything of importance to communicate, address E. Elder, 25 Roberts Place."

"E. Elder, mother, wife, sister or what?" wondered Mr. Stone excitedly. "By George, I'll take the box myself and find out."

The winter night was fast darkening over the city, as Mr. Silas Stone made his bewildered way through a region such as his neatly-booted bachelor feet had never trodden before, disgust and dismay deepening with every step. Poverty, indeed, he had known in his own youth, but it

was the grim, stern task-mistress that spurs to knowledge and effort—not the lawless and abandoned poverty that neither strives nor cares.

Half-clad children hooted viciously at him as he passed, unkempt women quarreled and cursed in open doorways; the blazing beacon of the corner saloon showed a dark pile of tottering buildings stretching beyond into faintly seen gloomy distance.

“Twenty-five Roberts Place—here you are,” said a shrill-voiced dame in answer to his inquiries. “Elder—Elder—anybody here named Elder? Oh, yes. It’s the woman what does buttonholes for old Bickstein’s sweat-shop. Third story back, mister, and mind the hole in the stairs.”

Twenty-five Roberts Place—it was the address surely, thought Mr. Stone, his faith shaking, but not failing, as he ascended the dark, perilous stair. “It must be a mistake—*she* can’t be here.”

But even as he shaped the thought he stopped at the third landing, held wondering and breathless by the tremulous tones that came through a half-opened door.

“I have returned all the work, I tell you, Mr. Bickstein, all—all. If the shirts are missing

they were lost after I delivered them at your store."

"My wife she says not," answered a harsh, angry voice. "A dozen shirts are missing. You must pay for them, you must pay. You must gif back the moneys you were paid this afternoon."

"I can not. I have—spent it for rent, for fuel, for bread."

"It is not so; it is not so. You tell lies, woman. Gif me back my money or my work, I say. Gif it back to me or I will put you in jail for a liar, a thief!"

But the speaker's words came to an abrupt stop, for a sturdy, red-faced gentleman suddenly burst upon him, a very boiling geyser of indignation.

"You scoundrel!" panted Mr. Silas Stone, his honest rage rising beyond all legal bounds at sight of the pale worn face of his four months' dream tremulous and tearful before this fierce-eyed hoarse-voiced tyrant. "You coward, to bully a helpless woman like this! Take your money," and the wrathful speaker flung a five dollar note on the floor. "Take it and go—go, or I'll make it worse for you."

"But—" Mr. Bickstein stammered, between

terror and delight at this unbusiness-like interruption.

“Go!” thundered Mr. Silas Stone, with another altogether unprecedented explosion. “Go, I tell you or I’ll pay fifty dollars cheerfully for the satisfaction of kicking you down-stairs and breaking your neck—I beg your pardon madam,” he added to the white-faced, trembling woman, who stood breathless with amazement at this unexpected defence. “I happened to be at the door and heard this rascal’s insulting language,” with a last glance of fury at Mr. Bickstein, who was vanishing down the stairs. “I really could not control my indignation, madam. I came in reply to a letter which you sent some time ago in answer to my advertisement for Mr. Marcus Elder, and to return you this, which I obtained at the Dead Letter Sale nearly four months ago.”

She took the box he handed her and opened it with tearful wonder.

“My poor little Rosary,” she said. “It was my dying mother’s last gift to me. I sent it to my brother when he went South last year to find health and fortune, poor fellow. It was his death that left me friendless, penniless, homeless as you will find me now. My blessed little

Rosary! Ah, it brought you to my help, sir, in my hour of sorest need. How can I thank you?"

"Don't try, I beg, madam." Mr. Stone's voice was strangely husky as his business-eye took in the "sore need" truly visible in the dire poverty of the little room. "I'm a lonely, friendless—I may say homeless man myself, madam. I hope you will consider Silas Stone the friend he would gladly be to you."

And friends these two were indeed henceforth—more than friends.

For Elinor Elder, lifted by Mr. Silas Stone's strong, kind hand into honest independence, proved all the "dead letter" had foreshadowed to him. The grave, sweet eyes, the tender lips held the message for which his heart had unconsciously longed.

So the blessed links drew together the two lives destined by a kind Providence to blend in a beautiful harmony. The Rosary hangs in the oratory of a happy home, whose master, grown jovial and cheery in the new sunlight of faith and love, holds it beyond all price.

"My dear," he often says to the calm, sweet-faced woman who presides over his home and

hearth, "I don't give it out to the business world, but the very best investment I ever made was sixty-five cents for a 'dead letter.' "

The King's Chamber

An Incident of the Thirty Years' War

BY P. G. SMYTH.

"A BAD business, my masters," said the tired and dust-covered cavalier that dismounted in the market square. "The enemy is marching toward us; between here and Nordlingen there are a dozen Catholic villages in flames; within twenty-four hours the army of General Banner will be at our gates."

"Of Banner—then we are lost!" exclaimed the crowd of white-faced burghers. Some men hurried away to provide for the protection or concealment of what to them was best and dearest. Others, responsive to the note of danger, hastened to don their arms and armor, as became stout-hearted citizen soldiers.

As yet the breath of the terrible Thirty Years' War had but singed the borders of the little mountain kingdom. Most of the chief actors in that great military and religious drama had passed away. Wallenstein, the champion of Catholicity, a victim to the suspicions begotten

of his ambition, had died by the hand of an imperial assassin. Tilly had fallen in battle. So had King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the leading champion of Protestantism; but the strong army of the Protestant Alliance, consisting of Swedes, Saxons, and Scots, still moved over the country under command of the aged Count Horn, young Duke Bernard of Weimar, and the ruthless Banner, marking its progress with burning towns and villages, with bloodshed and rapine, and spreading over Germany black ruin and desolation, from which, after the lapse of nigh three centuries, she has not yet wholly recovered.

As messenger after messenger arrived with news of the dread war cloud that was fast approaching, there was an exciting time of preparation in the alarmed mountain city. The clangor of the trumpet called to arms all who were capable of bearing them; the troops paraded in the square; the blue and yellow flag of the kingdom was unfurled; King Conrad and his suite made an inspecting circuit of the fortifications—walls formidable enough in feudal times but which could be only a poor defence against the Swedish artillery.

“My friends, we are called upon to fight, and

to fight bravely and desperately, for our altars and our homes, our lives and our honor, so let every man show good heart and courage, that God may give us the victory," said the king to the people.

"For God, our king, and our country!" was the war-cry of the citizens, and the sacred fire of patriotism became general. Even the local Protestants, and there were many, feared the blighting approach of their co-religionists.

But there were some who entered not into the popular spirit and determination of resistance, and chief among these was the king's cousin, Count Ulric. He went to the palace to give his views and spoke cynically and sardonically, even while he toyed with the golden locks of the baby prince that sat at the feet of Queen Adela.

"As well, sire, might you try with your puny force to stay the advance of the Swedes as to turn back a thundercloud with a broom. Resistance will only doom the city to sure destruction. Know you not the character of Banner? While he was in Bohemia there were often more than one hundred small towns, castles and villages burned in a single night, and one of his officers, Adam Pfuhl, proudly boasts that he himself has

fired no less than eight hundred places. How, if you oppose them, can you expect mercy from such men? Why will you deliver the homes of your people to the torch and the sacred tabernacles to the hammer of the iconoclast?"

Queen Adela clasped her little son in her arms, all her maternal instincts aroused, and turned her startled eyes to the king, who was calmly scrutinizing his very frank adviser.

"And pray what would you do in my place, good cousin Ulric?"

"In truth, sire, I would send envoys with offers of submission on fair and reasonable terms."

"Fair and reasonable terms from a marauder and murderer like Banner! And would this, loving cousin, be your only resort in such extremity?"

"Nay, there is another and a safer one, which has been adopted by many a ruler and powerful noble of Germany and which shall be adopted by many more."

"And that is?"

"Join the Protestant Alliance."

King Conrad strode across the chamber and drew aside a silken curtain, revealing the ancient regalia of the kingdom, among which was a

golden crown, resting on a crimson velvet cushion.

"You believe, then, Cousin Ulric, that I ought to sell my soul to retain this bauble? Pervert in heart, go! Follow if you will the teachings of the licentious apostate monk, but air not your cowardly advice among my people or I will hang you to the highest tree on the parade."

"Blind and insolent fool!" muttered Ulric, as he went wrathful and mortified from the royal presence, "my advice is too precious to lavish upon him; I will even take it unto myself and see if to-morrow night will not find him in the King's Chamber."

And next morning brought the ominous news that Count Ulric and many of the Protestant townsmen had joined the enemy, that Ulric had been proclaimed king, and that he was now advancing with a large force that was to place him securely on the throne.

"God save my own true king and knight!" said Queen Adela, as she bound a blue silken scarf on Conrad's armor, and his mailed arms enfolded her in a parting embrace.

"Rather than have them bombard and burn our fair town unchallenged we will try a meeting with them in the open," said the king.

"March on to victory, my brave boys," cried stout old Baron Radbot, the commander of the guard, as the little force of cavalry, pikemen, and musketeers debouched from the north gate between its lofty machicolated towers and across the high arch over the mountain torrent. "Let us show those savage invaders to-day the valor and loyalty of true German hearts."

Afar off dark plumes of smoke from burning villages betokened the blighting advance of the enemy. Then came in view long military columns in white, in yellow, and in green, that marched up in succession and deployed into long line of battle.

"Those in white are the Swedes, the yellow are the Saxons, and the green the Scots. Now God and St. Killian be with us, for tough, rough and bloody is the work ahead," said Baron Radbot.

"Good news, my liege," said a courier coming up just ere the battle broke; "the Emperor's son, the young King of Rome, is near at hand with a great army."

Cannon boomed, balls tore up the turf and made crimson lanes in the ranks. Then came the pattering of small arms as the musketeers on both sides extended in line, set up their rests,

and blew their fuses. Those on Conrad's side had soon to retire behind the pikemen, for the enemy flung forward his cavalry and the ground shook beneath the charge of a glittering array of cuirassiers. From the bristling hedge of pikes the eager horsemen recoiled like dogs from an alarmed hedgehog, but again and again they swung round and came onward, hacking at the ashen staves with their swords, even while the fire of the musketeers kept dropping them from their saddles.

"This way, my heroes, here lies your path to victory!" cried the voice of a fiery cavalier, who, striking frantically left and right, at length forced a gap in the human hedge. It was Ulric—a brave man, although a traitor and renegade. A cry of dismay arose, and instantly all was a wild chaos of struggling horsemen and footmen, thrusting pikes and striking sabers, battle shouts and death groans.

King Conrad spurred forward and was bravely rallying his men, when a tremendous blow on the helmet hurled him unconscious on the blood-stained earth, and the surging press of horses and men swept over him.

He awoke, as it seemed to him, in another world.

There was a poignant stinging in his head, and he knew that the clammy and sticky thing on his face was clotted blood. When he stretched out his hands he felt the weight of clanking chains on his limbs and his touch encountered cold, dank walls.

Black as pitch the darkness wrapped him round like a garment. In vain he rubbed his eyes and tried to pierce it. Was he indeed blind? He could not tell, nor whether it was day or night. Vision had no power in that impenetrable gloom; it was as useless to him as it would be to the sightless fish in a subterranean lake.

He listened intently, but could catch no sound save the soft pattering and splashing and the gnawing of the noxious sharers of his dungeon. He called aloud again and again, and was startled at the strange sound of his strained and enfeebled voice. No response reached him, but the prevailing silence seemed to become more sepulchral and oppressive.

His dungeon, he thought, was probably an oubliette, where prisoners were "forgotten," or left to die in misery and starvation, for the foul vermin to pick their skeletons clean. He

had seen the remains of one who had thus perished, with rusty fetters still on the bony wrists and ankles—a mournful sight.

How slowly the time passed, and how bitter were his thoughts and memories, as out of chaos he collected, arrayed, and reviewed them. Time—time never moved here, in this charnel-house of silence and solitude, this grisly abode of living death! Madness lurked in such a place, ready to seize like some fiend of darkness on its despairing, mind-ruined victims. He thought of the brave, determined captive, who, to keep his mind active and so avert insanity, threw a number of pins about his black dungeon and spent days and weeks diligently groping and searching for them, only, when all were found, to cast them away again and resume his pitiful search, and how when that ingenious and steel-hearted captive was at length restored to the sweets of liberty, his wife had those same pins which had saved her husband from madness made into a brooch, which she wore in grateful commemoration and esteemed more than the costliest jewel.

He was weak with hunger, parched with thirst. It seemed a lifetime of pain and suspense, yet never the tread of a warder, the grating of a key,

the sound of a human voice. Again and again he shouted as best he could. He would welcome the most truculent ruffian of a jailer, he would welcome even his arch and malignant enemy Ulric, who was now presumably his successor on the throne—anybody, anything with a human face and a human voice. But nobody came. Ay, surely the intention was to starve him to death, to let him die there and rot, all unknown to his late subjects, lest any of them might incline to rise in his behalf and make trouble for the usurper. He was still young and of good vitality. How long would he take to die? How many dreadful days would the fangs of the lean dog, hunger, take to sink through his flesh into his vitals? A long, long time, he feared; his was to be a terribly slow, lingering doom.

But no! A sudden sense of relief came to him, and he smiled, although now death stared him closely in the face, with the assurance that his end was near.

He saw opposite him what looked like a piece of gray cord stretched taut along the floor, and this gradually grew paler until he knew it was a rim of light faintly shining under a door, and from the position of the door and of the large iron ring that

secured his chains to the wall, he knew where he was, having previously, in mere curiosity, visited this gloomy hole of uncanny memories.

He was in the dungeon known as the King's Chamber!

It was the condemned cell of downfallen royalty. From that black cell six of his predecessors on the throne he had lost had gone forth to death. No captive king ever crossed its forbidding threshold save on his way to the block. And now had come his own turn.

Then, passing his mental vision in review, came scenes and events in the life that was about to be quenched. In part it was a wistful, Edenic memory of emerald fields and bright waters, with sweet flower fragrance floating in air blithe with the music of song-birds.

All that seemed long ago now, so long, long ago!

There was a velvety lawn, with bright parterres and sparkling fountains, sloping down from a stately wood, above which rose the brown tourelles of an ancient chateau, backed by distant purple mountains that raised soaring snowy peaks into the blue sky. There was a wonderful little pony which he was wont to ride about the spacious grounds, on winding avenues leading past

plumy water jets and dark glossy shrubberies amid which gleamed marble statues of gods and goddesses. There was a merry, romping, joyous little girl, his sister, her flower-like face looking out from a honeysuckle of shining ringlets, as she played like a beam of sunshine about the walks and lawns, under the eye of an old nurse in prodigious white cap and frilled tucker. And above all, there was a stately and graceful lady, sweet of face and voice, with a network of pearls on her glossy brown hair and a diamond cross on her fair bosom—his gentle, loving queen mother, she whose presence and prayer made nightly benediction over him in the white alcove where he slept. So long ago! And now mother and sister were long since dead and laid to rest under sculptured tombs in the chapel of the chateau. The sense of grief and desolation caused by awakened memory passed into holier and more consoling thought: happy reunion was now near at hand, the lost ones would meet and greet him probably that very day, when death had opened unto him its dark yet kindly portals.

But was he that boy, full of animal vigor and spirits and all the blithe joy of living, who had gamboled in the chateau grounds—he, this poor,

bruised, wounded, chained creature, covered with blood and dirt and floundering in the filth of a vile black hole, as he awaited his miserable end? Mournful the contrast! He remembered how, a reckless, danger-courting lad, he fell off the ivied bridge into the swift stream that flowed by the castle grounds and was fished out by the old gardener when near the dangerous waterfall. So fortunate, everybody said. Fortunate—to be saved from a fate like that, for a doom like this!

“Time has flitted like a breath,” he said, “yet great are the changes since then, and oh, how much further I feel away from heaven!”

Then, against the sky of his memory, flecked with gleam and gloom, arose a great range of mountains rugged and tan, lion-like in color and contour, with roaring white cascades and shaggy mane of pine woods. There was baying of dogs, clanging of horns, rushing of steeds as the hunt swept along the mountain-side. And there was a fair young huntress in gold-trimmed green velvet gown and jaunty white plume, whose horse stumbled and threw her on the sward just as a great wild boar rushed from the underwood, his wicked tusks gleaming and his little swinish eyes shining as with infernal fire. Ha! it was a

hot race of himself and cousin Ulric to reach that boar, but he was first and his spear delivered the maiden from her peril. Happy was he as he rode by Adela's side, her escort the remainder of the day, his heart athrob and exulting with strange, delicious feeling that bathed everything in his vision in rosy light, and made him ignore the scowl on the dark face of Ulric. Sweet Adela, spirited patrician daughter of a race of mountain lords, how lovely you appeared that evening!

A slimy lizard crawling across his hand brought him back to hard and hideous realities. For a time bitter and gloomy thoughts oppressed him, and the sting of his wounded head was agonizing.

Greater was the sting of Ulric's treachery. Great, he thought, must have been the wiles and energy of that individual to have won to his cause the power of the Protestant Alliance. And who would have thought of suspecting him? Up to their recent difference Ulric had ever been welcome to the royal palace and the royal apartments, where his mien was most engaging yet respectful, and his discourse piquant and entertaining as he dandled the baby son of his host and hostess, the plump little princeling, on

his knee. The reptile would as readily have dashed out the brains of the innocent child he affected to caress.

Perhaps the little life was quenched by this time at the instance of that human tiger. Perhaps the queen was also dead: the last time the captive had seen her she was tearfully praying in her oratory as he hurried forth to head the little army of the mountain kingdom. The husband and father groaned in agony of mind and spirit. Then in fierce desperation he strained and struggled at his chains, until, feeble from loss of blood, he fell limply backward with his head against the cold, dank wall, the movement causing a fresh scampering of vermin around the slimy black hole.

Was it yesterday or the day before that the battle was fought? There was a blank, a hiatus, that puzzled him.

Would they not even let him have a priest? Was it part of the renegade's plan of cruelty and vengeance to deprive him of the consolation and support of religion in his last hours, to send his soul unprepared and unshriven across the dark bourne? As he reviewed with repentance the misdeeds and errors of his life he shuddered at

the thought of soon having to appear with his sins in their nakedness before the Great White Throne, at which no earthly differences of rank exist, and king and peasant must stand for the same even and awful judgment.

He trembled and shivered until his chains rattled again. He had believed himself brave, yet here was the terror of death upon him already. He raised his feeble fettered hands and prayed for strength, fortitude, mercy.

Yet he would be brave when the ordeal came. He would show the exulting Ulric and the base traitors around him how a king of the ancient dynasty could die. Probably the execution would take place at noon, no doubt in the chief public square, with its quaint surroundings of peaked gables and high-pitched red roofs, with the sunlight falling upon the black-draped scaffold and on the sea of faces gazing from ground and windows to witness, as a holiday spectacle, the beheading of a king. When young he had seen such a woful sight himself, and he remembered how the victim—he was Ulric's uncle—had cast a parting, calm, haughty look around him ere he knelt at the block and surrendered his life. How would he deport himself?

At the thought he began in spirit to train and brace himself for the ordeal. In mind he beheld the masked headsman, attired all in tight-fitting scarlet, with the broad ax in his hand, and—

Hark, a sound of many footsteps without. See, the flashing of light under the door. A key grates in the lock.

Ah, then, death was nearer than he thought. Ulric was probably afraid to make it a public, daylight butchery; he would have him slain privately at night, while the people slept!

As the cell door swung open, the captive, suddenly dazzled, raised his hands to protect his eyes from the glare of many torches, reflected from the polished armor and weapons of the bearers.

“Heavens, what a stench!” said a voice. “Can human life exist in such a pit of foulness? Perhaps he is dead already.”

A jailer advanced and unlocked the chains of the captive, at sight of whom there was an outcry of pity and indignation from the armed men that entered. A stout old warrior—it was Baron Radbot—tenderly raised the soiled, bloodstained unrecognizable creature to his feet and supported on his strong arm the trembling figure.

“Heart sorry am I to see you in this pitiful plight, O king,” said the baron, “but glorious is the news I bear. The King of Rome has crushed the enemy at Nordlingen, killing or capturing twenty thousand of them, and the remnants of the white, green, and yellow battalions are in full retreat. General Horn is a captive, and there is not a live invader this side of the Franconian mountains.”

“And my cousin Ulric?”

“Take no more trouble about him; the traitor and usurper is dead.”

Annabel's Boarder

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

THE June roses were in bloom, the loyal June roses that gathered every year in closer phalanx about the crumbling walls, the tottering gables, and broken pillars of Peyton Hall.

There was solemn conclave under their fragrant banners to-day. Miss Cynthia was throned in the big splint rocking-chair that had been a judgment-seat for three generations; Miss Marcia and Miss Octavia, quite breathless with the shock of a new idea, were on either side, while Annabel—Annabel, the radical, was perched upon the rose-wreathed balustrade below.

A gulf of forty years usually excluded Annabel from the family councils. She was a mere infant of twenty, whose orphaned crib still stood under the shelter of Aunt Cynthia's great four-poster, so slow was the march of time at Peyton Hall. But Annabel had put in a proposition this morning that had struck her maiden aunts aghast. The blue blood of the Peytons had fairly chilled in their veins, and yet, and yet—they listened,

for there was a painful ring of prosaic truth in the pretty speaker's words.

"He will give forty dollars a month for the big front room, aunties dear, and we want the money dreadfully. The kitchen chimney is nearly down, and the roof is leaking, and as for the porch, only the roses have held it up these five years. Every pillar is shaking, as you know."

"I know—we know, child;" Miss Cynthia waved the feather fan her grandmother had flirted before Lafayette. "The family fortunes have fallen sadly, but boarders, my dear sisters, boarders!"

"Boarder, auntie dear," corrected Annabel; "don't pluralize the evil. Only a single masculine noun."

"And a man!" said Miss Octavia. "We are so—so unused to men, sister."

"We are indeed," said Annabel, with a flippant laugh.

"He would probably smoke," said Miss Marcia; "smoke up our fresh curtains."

"And kill the rose bugs, Occy," interposed Annabel. "Your red Cherokee is nearly eaten up now."

"And he may—drink," added Miss Marcia.

"No more than all the Peyton men have done in the good old times you so often tell me about," said Annabel with a nod. "That mint-bed wasn't all made for roast lamb, I'm sure. And forty dollars a month!"

"We can't think of it, child," said Miss Cynthia. "You have no family pride at all."

"No, but I've family love," said the girl warmly. "I don't want to see the old house tumble down on your head, auntie."

"It will be such an exposure of our poverty," continued Aunt Cynthia, her kind voice sharp with unwonted pain. "China, glass, everything gone, child."

"Don't mind that—he'll never see it," laughed Annabel cheerfully. "If it were a woman, now, you might kick—I mean object, auntie, for she would see every crack and patch."

"Just let me run this boarding business, you dear old darlings," and the pretty pleader dropped at Miss Cynthia's feet, laid a fair rounded arm on Miss Marcia's knee, and took Miss Octavia's withered hand. "If I don't brace up Peyton Hall from roof to ground this summer, you can turn me out of doors."

And Annabel had her way and her boarder

came, as he had requested, the following week. Despite his six feet of stalwart manhood, Mr. Hubert Payne was as harmless a creature as three maiden ladies could have desired. His luggage consisted of one dress-suit case, one typewriter, and three boxes of books, which he ranged round the front room in piles which he requested should not be disturbed by housewifely broom or duster. Here his demands ceased, and he lapsed into a quiet broken only by the sound of the typewriter that clicked busily far into the night. Every morning he went away on his wheel, and was gone for hours, returning to partake sparingly of the dainty meals served in the shaded dining-room, the hum of bees and twitter of birds coming drowsily through the vine-wreathed windows, a bowl of roses hiding the patch in the tablecloth, the crest of the Peyton's shining in the well-worn silver, the cracked china brimming with good things, and, Annabel, the rosy Hebe, to serve them all. And every week a crisp ten dollar note, delicately enclosed in an envelope, was laid on Miss Cynthia's plate, and the Peyton pride was saved any visible fall.

"Really, most gentlemanly," said Miss Cynthia, approvingly.

"I hope it's all right," added Miss Marcia, who had been "disappointed" forty years ago. "But one can never be quite sure of a man. And I found Romish prayer-beads in his room this morning."

"Romish prayer-beads," echoed her sister in horror.

"He asked Jerry last week if there were a Catholic church anywhere near," continued Miss Marcia. "Oh, he is one of them, my dears, I am sure. There was something strange about him from the first. And if you could see the papers he throws away—full of the most mysterious writing that no one can read. I hope it's all right, as I said, but I don't know."

"We don't know indeed," answered Miss Cynthy, and a chill of doubt settled upon the good old ladies' hearts, for Peyton Hall lay in a Southern district where Catholic thought and Catholic influence were as yet unfelt, and the old-time bigotry lingered in all its ancient bitterness.

Rumors of the newcomer's faith went round the neighborhood, and grew as rustic rumors will. A wide social gap yawned between Peyton Hall and the little village below, but gossip

crossed it boldly. The "come down" of the Peyton pride had been a subject of eager interest at the weekly sewing-circle. Now the strange boarder was served up for breathless discussion. Most of the ladies had seen him, and Mr. Hubert Payne, with his pleasant brown eyes and clear-cut features was really far from a forbidding sight. But dark suspicions clouded the general gaze.

"He passed me on the grove road yesterday evening," said Deacon Gransby's wife, pausing in her "cutting out," "jes' sort of spinning by like a shadder under the trees. They dew say he never takes the open road. Mark my words—that man ain't at Ridgeline fur no good."

"I must say he does look a sort of dark and furrin—and—and designing," said Miss Lucretia Bond.

"And there's suthin' drefful crafty in his eye," added the Widow Grey, with the acerbity of personal slight, for she "took in" summer boarders herself, and her best room with its flowered wall-paper and painted furniture had been passed by for Peyton Hall. "They do say he is paying Miss Cynthia terrible high board. And Aunt Chloe says he don't eat nothink to speak of. It ain't right or nat'ral for men folks

to turn agin solid food, and pick at brown bread and fruit and milk."

"He is fasting, perhaps," exclaimed Elder Abijah Doane, who usually dropped in about refreshment time to encourage the ladies in their work. "Ef he's a Romanist, he hes to fast. All their laws is agin natur, as we know. A leetle more cream in the tea, if you please, Sister Grey. I must say I'm sorry to learn that Sister Peyton hes been deluded into taking this stranger into her Christian home. He may be setting up idols under her very roof."

"I think it very likely," laughed naughty Nettie Deane. "And the idol's name is Annabel. You'd better look out for her, Elder. She will be carried off under your very nose."

Elder Abijah's face, flushed a dull red. Though a widower of forty it was well-known in Ridgeline that he had his eye on pretty Annabel.

"I saw them walking out in the grove together last evening," continued Nettie, a malicious sparkle dancing in her eye, "and they seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely."

"And Annabel ain't no purfessing member, as we know," sighed portly Mrs. Gransby. "Miss Marcia was a saying to the Deacon last class-

meeting how she had wrestled in prayer for the child, but it 'peared she couldn't find the light. It would be a drefful thing if she strayed into the darkness of Rome."

"Strayed into the darkness of Rome!" The words haunted Elder Abijah as he walked home that evening after the sewing-circle had disbanded, and he had done full justice to the good things that Sister Gransby had hospitably served. Annabel had been the subject of discussion, and the Elder's mind was troubled sorely. Clearly it was his duty to warn, to protect, to save. Mr. Abijah Doane's mental outlook was not a wide one, but in the dim horizon that bounded it there had always loomed one dark, dreadful, shadowy terror, to which all the crimes and evils and woes of the world were attributable. Its name was Rome! Rome, that, according to Elder Abijah's historical information, was an awful composite in which Neros, Borgias, Mafias, and Popes flourished contemporaneously. As he crossed the Pine Ridge this evening, struggling with vague fears he could not put into shape, he paused suddenly, startled by a sweet, familiar sound behind the spicy undergrowth of cedars at his side.

"Don't," pleaded a tender, tremulous voice, "it is too cruel, too sad, too horrible. Don't *kill* him, please, Hubert."

"But, my dear girl, I *must*," was the answer that chilled the hearer's blood as he stood breathless in the shadow, staring at the picture visible through the sun-shot boughs. Annabel, seated on a moss-grown log, and the "boarder" stretched at her feet with a roll of paper in his hand. "The whole plot I have been working up for months leads to it. He must die. The Council has decreed it. There is no escape for him, none."

Plot! Council! Death! All the horrors of which the Elder had ever heard rushed in wild tumult to his mind—he almost reeled with the shock.

"But, oh, it seems so cruel—so—so—barbarous," said the sweet, pleading voice.

"Perhaps so," was the cold and measured answer. "You take a woman's view of justice, of judgment—I take the man's."

"It does not seem like you—this sort of work. I can not believe your mind, your heart dictate it. You are under other influences, Hubert."

"Perhaps again," was the unflinching answer. "To confess the truth the whole plot was suggested

to me by an old Italian noble last summer in Rome."

"I knew it, I knew it," exclaimed the girl eagerly, while every sandy hair of the listener's head rose in horror. "You would never have thought of anything so deadly, so terrible. Oh, why did you listen to him? Why did you undertake this work at all?"

"To be frank with you again, my dear—because it will pay, because it will pay. I have been offered a price that fairly took away my breath, so I can't change my plans even for you, little girl. The Minister must die; it is meritable. I have made Rafiski conceal the bomb in his cellar already, as you know."

"I know," the girl answered, with a shiver. "It would be more merciful to have him shot or stabbed, Hubert."

"I couldn't manage that at all, my dear. But don't let us talk about it any more, don't let us think about it, since it displeases you, sweetheart. If I could change the Minister's fate I would spare him for your sake, but it is too late. I must go on—on in my own hard way, and you shall not hear any more of my terrible tale since it shocks your tender little heart. Only

when I have finished the Minister as I must I'll have two thousand dollars in my pocket, and I will carry the dearest little bride in the world away for a winter in Rome, where—"

The Elder could stand no more; all the man and the church member was roused into fiery indignation. He burst through the cedar bushes, every bone and sinew in his frame trembling with fury.

"You consarned villain, you! Plotting, planning, rascally murderer!" he roared. "I heerd you—I heerd you—every word. I'm the sheriff of this here county, and I arrest you—I arrest you now and here." And the speaker's bony grip tightened on the astonished Mr. Payne's arm.

"Why, you confounded old fossil!" cried that gentleman, indignantly; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, it's Elder Doane—poor Elder Doane gone mad!" cried Annabel, starting in terror to her feet.

"Mad!" shouted the Elder fiercely. "It's you who have gone mad, you poor, deluded girl. Get back to your home and thank the Lord I came in time to save you from this here raging, ravening wolf. Oh, you can't shake 'Bijah Doane," and the Elder, transformed now into

the sturdy officer of the law, whipped a pistol from his pocket, as Mr. Hubert Payne broke from his grasp. "I heerd you plotting murder and bomb-throwing and all sorts of deviltry, and you've got to come along." The speaker paused as both the culprits burst into peals of merry laughter.

"Oh, Mr. Doane, dear Mr. Doane, you don't understand." Annabel laid a pretty hand on his arm. "It is only a story. Mr. Payne is an author. He writes books and stories. He was just reading me his last—it is called 'The Cabinet Minister,' and is so sad, so terrible. All about Russia and the dreadful things they do there. I wanted him to change it, but he can't and so—"

Annabel's pretty cheek dimpled again as she met the Elder's blank, bewildered gaze. "Here is a letter from his publishers," and the speaker picked up a half-folded epistle from the grass. "You see it explains what we were talking about. It is all a story—"

"All a story!" repeated Elder Abijah, as he stared from one young plotter to the other, and then at the clear business-like letter in his hand.

"Jehoshaphat, but you—you made a durn fool of me, Annabel.

“All a story? ’Bout kerrying ye off to Rome, and—”

“Oh, no,” said Annabel, roguishly, while her pretty cheek flushed to a softer rose. “That’s—that’s true, Mr. Doane.”

The Portrait of Mr. Henry Washington

BY GEORGE RALSTON.

Two motives first prompted me to transfer Mister Henry to canvas. Primarily, his values were so irresistible—the contour of his muscles, so fine and rounded, the dignity of his lines, the quality of his smooth, even color, the tone of good copper—all these made a vigorous appeal to my brush, as I watched him out in the sunlight or in the mellower light of the dining-room. Henry had a good disposition, and an immense amount of the family pride found among the better class of slaves who had known only kind treatment from their masters. Many a time when, as a shaver, I trotted off to school, had he said, setting me on my horse, “Set up straight, and hol’ up yo’ haid, Marse Gawge, and ’member who yo’ is!” This righteous pride and his other inner virtues had given his features a benign and dignified cast which deepened with his years of orderly, happy life on our old farm.

The second persuasion to portray him came from Henry himself. When I went down to Kentucky, after several years abroad trying to learn what the masters had to say about the rendition in pigments of the human form and face, I amused myself making sketches of my mother and sundry young and elderly relatives. I set up an open air studio in the old orchard, and now and then when a small pickaninny sneaked around to peek and marvel at the magic of the brush, I made an impromptu "study in browns and blacks."

I observed that Henry loafed about a good deal to bring me a message from the house, to see if I had any to send thither, or for some other worthy or idle purpose. Finally one day he spoke his mind:

"Why yo' waste yo' time on them lil' triffin niggers, Marse Gawge? I thought yo' done larned to make fancy pictures when yo' wuz gone so fah ovah yander. It doan look right to see yo' foolin' yo' time with nigger brats."

I knew there was no use trying to explain the allurements of dabbling with one's brush, the gratification of catching a good shade, even if it happened to be in the polished skin-surface of a

little yellow or brown darky whose mammy had just given him his daily face-wash. But if I dissimulated, not so Henry. Ultimately the truth came out—he wanted to sit to me himself. The fact was revealed in the foolish, self-conscious, self-satisfied grin that almost toppled over his dignity when he saw one day that I had actually done him.

Late that summer, being rather pleased with the sketch myself, I worked it over into what seemed to me a pretty good portrait, and sent it in to Louisville. In that city, at the time, there were no galleries; a few rooms were used for exhibitions, but it was customary for the art stores when they got a picture, especially if it were by a local artist, to put it in one of the windows of the store. This practice, done often out of a certain local pride in both sitter and artist, seemed to attract wider attention for the picture than could be secured in the more preferable light and seclusion of a special room. This happened in my case. I received a good deal of felicitation on my work. But as I look back upon it, the chief glory seems to have been Henry's. On some pretext or other, he found it necessary to go to town every day during the exhibition. These excursions

were rarely made alone. Usually he picked up some crony from one of the neighboring farms. He would then drive in state to the art store, and getting down from the wagon, with great airs, would stand in long admiration of himself and my skill, particularly the former. Echoes of his comments occasionally reached me through my friends who happened to stop as Henry was enjoying his apotheosis in art. To one friend of his he was heard saying:

“Uh! I’s e gettin’ a leetle gray round de temples, is I? But I’s e a right likely-lookin’ ole nigger-man yet, ain’t I?”

There seemed to be only one flaw in his perfect satisfaction. We had put two hundred dollars as the price of the picture. This was Henry’s comment:

“Dere’s only one thing I got ’gainst myself in that fine gol’ frame, Marse Gawge. ’Pears like I ain’t so good as I used to be. That lil’ ticket pricin’ me say two hunnerd dollahs, an’ it look like a come-down! Befo’ the wah yo’ granpa wouldn’t a’ parted with me fuh no less’n eighteen hunnerd dollahs! Thet wuz his price! Not thet he ever tried to sell me, kase yo’ pa he wouldn’t ’a’ let me go nohow. But they’s often said I wuz

wuth thet much an' mo'. An' it sho' look like a come-down to ole Hennery to go at two hunnerd when he'd a brung eighteen when he wuz nothin' but a brash young fool nigger!"

The depreciation now and then seemed to dampen his spirits, till one day he seemed to get some light on it:

"I 'spose it ain't no use after all, Marse Gawge, to worry about the come-down in my valooation. P'raps it ain't so bad as a come-down, nowadays. My pictur' air sho' han'some and all that, with the gol' frame. But jes' the same it ain't me—it's jes' a likeness. I doan' say it ain't a fine likeness. But there's a heap o' diff'rence 'tween paint folks an' flesh an' blood folks! La, Marse Gawge, when I wuz a young nigger, I wuz scairt ez a turtle o' yuh gran'pa! But now I kin jes' walk up close to his pictur' in the parlah, an' bresh the dust off it same ez ef it wuz my own ole coat! 'Dere's a heap of diff'rence 'tween likenesses and folks! One's Gawd's wuk, an' one's man's wuk. I doan mean nothin' gainst yo', Marse Gawge, but good Marse Gawd up on high made dis pore ole nigger thet's really Hennery, an' I guess His wuk ought to bring more'n any white gen'leman's paintin' thet's got eyes thet

sho' look like eyes, but kyant see nothin'; an' ears thet set up perky and nat'ral, but kyant hear nothin'; an' mouth thet's got teeth—how did yo' git dem teeth in, Marse Gawge?—but kyant say nothin' at all, and could let a watermillon set there in front of em forever mo', without being able to do a thing to it! Huh, huh, Marse Gawge, you'se mighty smart, but I guess yo' ain't so smart as yo' Lawd an' Marster, after all. Believe I'd ruther be His real, live, pore old Hennery, able to 'preciate chicken an' millon, than to be Hennery in the gol' frame at two hunnerd—though I sho' look mighty fine, Marse George, with thet gol' settin' roun' me."

I had not exactly the same reluctance to parting from my version of Henry Washington, as, according to the old darky's own account, my grandfather and father had in relinquishing the Almighty's handiwork by that name. But none of my townsmen seemed to care to purchase my rendering. So my mother, rather fond of Henry and covetous of all my work, asked me to have the portrait sent home before I left for the East in the early winter.

I did not return to Kentucky for a couple of years. When I did, I found, among other

changes, that a young dapper darky had succeeded Henry in the dining-room. He was sprightly and efficient, but I missed the ministrations of the old servant who, during my absence, had passed "to the happy land of Jordan." I was looking at his portrait one day as my sister came in. She acquiesced in some compliments I was bestowing on my own work, adding:

"Did you know it had become a kind of icon, and this room a place of pilgrimage?"

"No," said I, "I didn't know I was so famous as that in Kentucky. Who are the pilgrims?"

"You remember Aunt Melissa, the Carringtons' old black nurse? Well, some of the Carringtons have moved back to the old home in the last few years and brought Aunt Melissa with them. It turns out that a long time ago when they were young, Melissa and Henry were sweethearts, and when they saw each other again the old flame began to burn. Ever since the Carringtons returned, Henry used to go over faithfully to see Melissa. Every summer evening before his death, the old couple were to be seen sitting together outside her cabin-door—'a Darby and Joan in sepia,' you would have said. The darkies say Henry proposed to Melissa, but she must have

been coy—she wouldn't have him. Once I met her on the road and accused her of trifling with his affections. 'No,' said she, 'I always has respected Mister Hennery Washin'ton. But I'se too ole now to leave my white folks for any ole cullud gen'leman. And Mister Hennery wouldn't leave his'n neither. Let him stay with his white folks an' I'll stay with mine.'" And so the idyl continued till Henry's death.

"If in life, however, his persuasive powers were not sufficient to win his suit, in death Henry's memory was certainly tenderly guarded. And this room seems to have been Melissa's altar of the dead. Every now and then she comes over and asks mother if she may have a 'look at Mister Hennery.' She comes with old Mandy, and they come to the room and reminisce, Melissa talking long and fondly of the departed. They have not been here recently; Melissa has the rheumatism. The other day she went to bed, Mandy tells me, 'with a bad spell.'"

A few days later I had been out for an afternoon ride over the hills. As I passed my mother's room, I heard her and my sister talking rather argumentatively. I heard mother say: "Melissa thinks she's privileged anyhow."

I called my sister as she came into the hall.

“What’s the trouble,” said I; “what’s Melissa been doing to mother?”

“Melissa’s dying,” she answered. “I’ve been over to the cabin. It’s right pitiful. She keeps talking about Henry, calling for him, poor old thing! I thought if we could get your picture over it might comfort her, but mother’s incensed at the idea of your work’s being carried to a cabin.”

It was rather an anti-climax to the salon, I thought, myself, but late that afternoon, sister and I bundled up the portrait, and took it to the Carrington cabin.

Everything about the little room was spotless. Melissa had dropped off into a deep, dull sleep, so, without arousing her, we were able to set up the picture on an easel improvised from a chair. etc.

The rays of the late afternoon sun lighted up the portrait as Melissa awoke. It was the first object that brought any consciousness, dim as this was, into the old fading sight. Now and then the eyelids drooped, to lift again lowly and rest upon the picture. Finally the old voice spoke brokenly.

“Oh, Mister Hennery—is yo’ come at last? I’s been askin’ fah yo’, but dese young niggers

air so lazy, dey wouldn't go git yo'. I'se goin' away, Mister Hennery—ole Marse's callin' me—an' I doan know where—but I'se driftin', driftin'. Befo' you come, seemed like we wuz back in de fields where yo' helped me pick the cotton. It wuz summer, and we's comin' down de lane—where de red-bird used to sing 'I lub you, ma honey,' as de sun went down. You'se de oldes' frien' I got—an' I been pinin'—pinin' to see yo' befo' I drifts too far. Good-by, Mister Hennery—"

The old eyes closed, and in a little while Melissa had drifted forever to "Mister Hennery."

As we walked along in the twilight, carrying the picture home, my sister remarked: "It was some comfort, after all, wasn't it?"

I thought so. And the incident comes back to me sometimes when my critics say all my work is cold, and that it evidently has no *raison d'être* save "art for art's sake." But then they don't know anything about my "Portrait of Mr. Henry Washington."

God Disposes

BY MRS. FRANCIS CHADWICK.

MADLINE HOUSTON, the only child and sole inheritress of the millionaire Stephen Houston, had been brought up after a system originated by that astute old cynic, her father.

Born to miserable poverty, he had fought his way up out of the city's slums, cringing or bullying, as best suited his turn, toiling ever; treating others as others treated him, but climbing surely, like his hundred of prototypes, and winning in marriage in the course of the years, a penniless girl of birth and beauty, who disliked him and whom he chose from ambition, being a stranger to the softer emotions; he scarce regretted her when she died, in a scornful silence after her daughter's birth, thus missing that one real love which might have made life worth living.

To Stephen the outside world was what he had found it—a howling wilderness in which men starved and struggled and achieved too late; a world to be kept from Madeline, who should, like

the precious art treasures of his cabinets, be kept behind glass doors, aloof from the black memories of the past.

For Stephen Houston approached as near to loving his child as his nature was capable of, though with a love that asked but little sight or sound of its object, and he no more thought of spending his hours with the little girl than with the art treasures—it sufficed him to know that she or they were there.

A high-class nurse and “companion or governess” supplied the place of parents to this somewhat unusual child, and she thus naturally grew up a stranger to her father, her enforced interviews with him being ordeals to be worried over before and uneasily dreamed of afterwards. The child would sit miserably by the nursery fire, daintily dressed, to go down to that ghastly performance, dessert, when she was expected to look pleasant, and to enjoy the macaroons and fruit placed on her plate, though her heart kept up such a race at these uncomfortable moments that the delicacies were as dust and ashes. She would escape later to her real home upstairs, trembling and weary, her grim-faced father rising to open the door for her departure ceremoniously, being, as is often the

case with self-made men, a careful observer of forms.

A hard man was Stephen Houston, grasping and pitiless, feeling that his fellow-beings could, as he had done, endure and struggle unaided—starve in the streets, freeze, crouching under house steps, lie sick and helpless in charity hospitals. “Why not they as well as I?” said his inner self. “Who ever lent me a helping hand? Who ever spoke a comforting word?” No one out of all the crowd of humanity!

Appalled by this iron nature, Madeline grew up its very opposite—with a disposition so utterly sweet and unselfish that even the most worthless servants loved her, and called blessings on her generous heart, for one of Stephen’s fads was to endow this child of his with such an income as should render her a power among her dependents. His daughter could fling away to beggars sums that would have been a fortune to him forty years ago. She could dress as she pleased, buy whatever attracted her fancy, throw the money away for all he cared, and render no sort of reckoning—no more counting of miserable pennies for him or his any more. Neither must any one contradict her. She was the princess, who would govern his

palace when he might govern it no longer. He might tyrannize if he chose, and after him—she.

To the majority of children this upbringing would have meant moral ruin; in Madeline it only bred a gracious sweetness, born from the kindness of all about her.

As she sat at the other end of the table each evening, her father regarded her from behind his hand, pleased and proud of her delicate, high-bred beauty, so happily removed from any taint of his plebeian ancestry. But like her he was uneasy during these interviews and sank back with a sigh of relief as the door closed upon her, although to him in all these lonely hours was left nothing but regret and something like remorse.

Strive as he would, endow her as he would, he could never be worthy of his dainty child, so like the proud dead. Never might he speak to her of his past life, so dark and sin-stained, haunted by gruesome memories. He would see again in fancy as he sat over his fire, the old tumble-down shed outside the city that had been his home, his mother busy over the wash-tub or stove, drudging, miserable, fighting away starvation, bitterly raging against life and its burden, children and all; his father, a careless, slovenly ne'er-

do-well, generally coming in half-tipsy, and bringing down a tempest on his unworthy head; when Susan, his sister, and he, would slink away to their garret, half laughing, half frightened, generally ravenously hungry. Then his gaze would wander to the Venetian glass and shining silver, and gleam of wines and fruit upon the table.

Poor Susan! There were times when he would have given much to have seen her again, and to relieve his over-charged memory by a talk about old times, and the wonderful changes in his life. To her alone could he speak, and yet he dared not seek her out lest Madeline might in some way be brought into contact with this sole connecting link with the terrible squalid past.

No—that part of his life must ever remain a closed book. As it was, Susan was very probably still living, and in this very city, but thanks to the alteration of Time as well as his change of name, she would never dream of associating the famous capitalist Stephen Houston with her poor, half-starved beggar of a brother, Mike Doran of other days, who had vanished from the family circle never to return, after a specially hard beating bestowed by their father in his cups.

There seemed absolutely no danger to be feared

as things were. Madeline would live and die in happy ignorance, and as to sentimental regrets, they were easily put down.

So reasoned Stephen Houston, unconscious that his daughter and his sister had already made each other's acquaintance, though each was altogether unaware of the other's identity.

For one day, when Madeline and Miss Moore were taking their usual constitutional, they saw a poor woman sitting on a doorstep, looking so exceedingly faint and ill that they called a cab, drove her to the nearest doctor's, and then to the wretched place which she called home, whither they afterwards despatched the delicacies and nourishment prescribed by the doctor, who diagnosed the patient's case as heart trouble, much aggravated by overwork, and semi-starvation.

"She will not live long in any case," he said, as they went back to ask him to continue his visits until the woman was better. "I shall certainly go to see her, though with no hope of a cure. She might, under better conditions—in a quiet place like a sanitarium, for instance—linger on for some time. Where she is, and continuing to work, the end will be soon."

Madeline's reply was to beg the doctor to make

the necessary arrangements at once for the woman's removal to any place the doctor would recommend, and as he lost no precious time, the end of the week saw the sufferer installed in a bright, cheery room in a suburban sanitarium, where her benefactress constantly saw her, keeping her well supplied with flowers and fruit, and "picture papers" as the patient called them, in which, not being able to read, she took the greatest delight, especially when Madeline explained them to her. As many were Catholic periodicals, she thus gave to the listener almost the only religious instruction she had ever known, preparing her for the inevitable end.

So peacefully passed more than a year and a half, and the only change in the Houston mansion was the gradual declining of its owner, who began more and more to leave his great affairs to his trustworthy and trained employees, and to remain at home for days at a time, sitting silently in his chair, so lonely and dejected a figure that Madeline, now growing up into early womanhood, yearned to comfort him, and set herself to a better acquaintance with her father, so nearly an utter stranger to her after all the years.

At first her efforts met with no success, but

gradually he grew to wait for her coming and to miss her sadly when she went away; to listen with pleasure to her chatter and to the songs she sang for him in the twilight. In this eleventh hour, the true father heart was awakened, and save for certain haunting memories and fears for himself in the present and in the future, Stephen might have counted, as did his sister in her retreat, these latter days as the nearest approach to happiness either of them had known.

One evening, Madeline brought a low seat to the fire and sat down beside her father—with a special purpose, to judge from her expression.

“You and I, papa,” she said, after a thoughtful silence, “are much better friends than we used to be—don’t you think so?”

“Weren’t we always good friends?” Stephen answered, with a little effort at banter.

“Oh, well, yes, of course, in a way; but I think we understand each other better now, since I am growing up, and have more sense. So I want very much to tell you something I think you ought to know.”

Her father looked at her curiously.

“Quite a mystery, Madeline,” he said uneasily.

“Is it that you don’t find your allowance sufficient or—”

“No, papa, though I will confess that I have none to spare nowadays. You know you told me to spend the money you gave me just as I liked without rendering any account, did you not?”

“Certainly I did,” Stephen smiled. “Have you been indulging in too many fal-lals, or sweets or what? Just tell me how much more you want, dear, that is all.”

“Oh, no, papa,” Madeline said, looking into the fire; “no, that is just it. Perhaps I have not been spending the money on such things as you said you would like me to do. That’s what I feel scrupulous about. No, I’ve,” her voice trembled a little, “I’ve been paying to keep a poor, sick woman in a sanitarium, and it is pretty expensive. Miss Moore and I met her in the street, where she was taken ill, and the doctor recommended this place, as the only chance of keeping her alive. I hope you don’t mind, papa.”

“Why should I?” her father asked, rather wearily. “The money is yours, unconditionally.”

“Yes, but I sometimes feared that you might dislike my associating with a person so miserably poor and wretched and hopelessly ignorant. I

think she scarcely knew there was really a God until Miss Moore and I talked to her, and I—it was silly of me, but I was afraid to tell you, papa, for fear you would forbid me to go, and she relies on me so, that I should grieve terribly if I had to desert her and let her go back again to that dreadful, dreadful work.”

“Oh, she had been working very hard, had she?” said Stephen, in an effort to appear interested in this shadowy figure in the sanitarium.

“Work! Oh, papa, if you could hear her tell about it—it is enough to break one’s heart. Ever since her childhood, up in Harlem where she lived in a terrible little tumble-down shed with her father and mother and brother— Oh, papa! Are you ill?”

Stephen Houston had half started from his chair, but sat down again numb and rigid, with a cold perspiration on his forehead.

“No, no, I am not,” he said, controlling himself after his iron fashion. “Go on. Where is the brother, that he doesn’t support her?”

“He ran away when he was quite a little fellow, and she felt dreadful about that, for she says she thought the world of him, and he was the only friend she ever had.”

Stephen clenched his hands under a newspaper on his lap, struggling against a strange sensation that came creeping up, up from his feet through his limbs.

“But she doesn’t blame him, she says—‘he never had no chances to learn,’ that’s the way she puts it. So that’s all my confession, and I hope you won’t scold or tell me to forsake my poor protégée.”

“And—the woman?”

Stephen spoke with difficulty, and so hoarsely that Madeline looked at him in alarmed surprise.

“I have tired you, dear,” she said, rising, “perhaps you should go to bed.”

“No, no, wait! What is this woman’s name?”

“Why do you worry about her, father? Her name is Susan Doran. Now—”

Her father interrupted her with a cry, trying to get up, and falling back helplessly into his chair.

“The hand of God!” he called out, in so changed a voice that Madeline rushed in wild alarm to ring for help, coming back to find him unconscious.

The next few months that remained to him Stephen was to spend lying still and helpless, but

retaining to the last his mental faculties, though he would constantly fall into a heavy doze, and awake from it bewildered for a few moments.

His first act after his seizure was to tell all to Madeline, sending her with loving messages to the companion of his childhood, asking her forgiveness for his cruel neglect, whereat his sister, greatly astonished at the strange news, laughed and cried alternately, sending back in return every kind, affectionate thing she could find to say. "Tell him I'm that proud," she said, "to think I'm the sister of the great, rich millionaire—though, stoop down low, dear, I wouldn't for the world any one but our two selves and you 'ud know it."

"Poor Aunt Susan!" Madeline said, her heart swelling to think of this sad, weary life, and this last act of abnegation. "Papa seems to think of nothing else but you, now that he has found you. He only wishes you could come to his house, and be his honored guest. He tells me to say that, over and over again."

"I'd only be a disgrace to it, dear—it's better as it is. But you'll come again to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I will," said Madeline each day, and

faithful to her word, journeying between the long-divided brother and sister, thus renewing the old times and undoing, as far as in her lay, the wrong of years. For never again might they see each other's faces in this world, each slowly dying where they lay.

Death claimed the brother first, and it was Madeline's sad duty to tell the news to Aunt Susan.

"He died so happily, and was so well prepared, dear, that I can not help feeling very, very thankful," she said.

"It's strange," her aunt said, turning her face piteously away. "We were that thick, when we were children, and to be parted like that—well, I'll not be long, any ways."

Nor was it many weeks until she lay in death beside her brother, her humble name inscribed beneath his by Madeline's loving care.

Then, left quite alone, this heiress to great wealth carried out a long cherished intention, and became a Sister of Charity. She is seraphically happy in her chosen life, looking with special and tenderest pity on any little brother and sister she meets among her poor. Her heart warms to any such, and she again thanks God that the brother

and sister they remind her of were united in spirit at any rate in this world, and that God permitted her to be the means of burying them together.

A “Mixed” Love

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

THE clash had come—the inevitable clash of opposing forces.

The beautiful dream-castle in which Gilbert Vane had lived for the past six months had tottered as such airy super-structures will. He stood, white and stern and startled, Miss Nettie Alden facing him with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

“This ends all,” she said, passionately. “Fortunately you have shown your true colors in time for me to escape a life of slavery to your whims, your superstitions.”

“Whims! Superstitions!” he echoed. “Great heavens, Nettie, if you could only understand me.”

“I do understand—only too well,” she answered. “My choice, my tastes, my wishes, are as nothing to you in comparison with the unreasonable demands of a mediæval Church.”

“Unreasonable! No, no,” he answered. “Nettie, the position of our Church in this matter is

most logical, most reasonable, consistent with the claim she makes upon her children's obedience and loyalty in all that is sacred to her law."

"I do not see it, I do not see it," answered the girl. "I have been willing, too willing, to yield in all serious matters, but every woman should be queen and mistress of her own marriage. The details belong to me, to my family, and I will not give up my privilege. It is barbarous in you to demand it."

"It is your privilege, I agree," Gilbert Vane answered, slowly. "But there are times when privilege must yield to principle, Nettie. And with you, dear, as you acknowledge, there is no principle involved. In my case there is. To be married in your church, by your minister, is to defy the laws of mine, to cut myself off from its communion, to turn my back on the faith of my fathers even as a traitor turns his back on his country and flag, by an open act of disloyalty. So I ask you, dearest, to be married in your own home by a priest."

"And I refuse," she replied, angrily. "I refuse positively. I, married in a poor, cramped little apartment like this," and she swept a scornful glance about the dainty, luxurious room.

"There would be no dignity, no beauty, no style in such an affair. Oh! I had planned it all, all! The choristers, the flower-decked chancel, the church crowded with our friends. Mamma had set her heart on the most brilliant event of the season, and now—" Miss Alden buried her face in her hands and burst into tempestuous tears.

"Nettie, Nettie darling," he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't," she cried, shrinking from him, "don't mock me with your words of love. They mean nothing, nothing, but selfish exaction."

"Selfish exaction—when I would give my life for you, Nettie."

"Your life!" she repeated bitterly; "your life! When you will not give me one beautiful hour for my very own, the one hour of which every woman dreams as the brightest, the sweetest, the holiest, of her existence. When you deny me what my very housemaid claims as her right."

"I thought," he spoke slowly and with an effort, "I thought this had been all settled. I thought you had agreed."

"To do all that you had the right to ask of your wife—to promise everything; even that I

would study, read, receive instruction in your faith. I have no prejudice against it; on the contrary I see much that is beautiful, wonderful, in its history, its doctrine. But such slavish submission as you demand, I refuse, I peremptorily refuse. I will not turn my wedding into a shabby, forlorn makeshift. I will not publish my weakness and your discourtesy to all my world. I will be married how and where I please or not at all—not at all."

"Do you mean this?" the words came in a new tone from his lips—a tone she had never heard before. It had a ring of steel, of rock, of hidden, unguessed forces, against which she was striking blindly, hopelessly. And with a woman's quick intuition she veered from the danger-point and changed her attack. Lifting her beautiful, tear-stained face to his, she put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked up at him with eyes full of tender, beseeching appeal.

"Do *you* mean it, Gilbert?" she asked, tremulously. "After all—all that we have grown to be to each other—after these beautiful months that have been paradise to us both, after all our dreams, our hopes, our love! Have you won my woman's heart only to cast it aside like a broken toy?"

"Cast it aside!" he murmured. "Nettie, Nettie, cast *you* aside, when the thought of losing you is madness, beloved."

"Then you will not give me up," she pleaded, "you will not fling me off for a monkish law, a priestly word. I ask so little—so little, Gilbert. Ever afterward you shall be my lord, my master, the dear husband who will rule my life. Oh, Gilbert, I thought your love was so deep, so strong, that nothing could stand between us; nothing in heaven or on earth."

"And nothing shall," he answered hoarsely, as she clung sobbing to his breast. "Darling, darling, have it as you will—as you will, Nettie."

"Gilbert, my own dear, true love. Then we will be married at St. Andrew's?"

"Yes," was his hurried reply, as she lifted her glad eyes of triumph to his. "When, where, how you please."

* * * * *

Three busy weeks had passed for Miss Alden. All the weeks and days were full of charming interest now. But through the music of flattering voices, the bewildering attraction of Paris hats and gowns, the pressing claims of milliner and

modiste upon her every hour, all the rosy glamor that surrounds a bride-elect, there had crept a vague, indefinable shadow—something she could not shape nor name.

Gilbert was as tender, as devoted, as adoring as she could wish, and yet—yet—there had been a subtle change—a change that only the keen eye and ear of woman's love could detect. There was a forced note in his gayety, a new abstraction in look and word, a dimness, faint and gray as a morning mist, that seemed to have stolen over the radiance of his happiness.

The chill of this shadow was upon Miss Alden this afternoon as she returned from a drive with her betrothed. He had an engagement with his lawyer and had been obliged to leave her at her door. Her own dainty apartment was aglow with cheer and light. The sunset rays streamed through its silken-draped windows, a wood-fire cracked upon the tiled hearth, beside which sat her mother, pouring tea into her prettiest Sevres cup, for a charming old woman, whose bright eyes seemed to defy the snowy crown of her four-score years.

Madame Brune had been a queen regnant in society for half a century, and though it was

a bent, withered form that nestled amid her loosened furs to-day, she looked a queen still.

"This is a surprise indeed," said the young lady, as she bent to kiss the faded cheek.

"I had to come, my dear, I had to come. I never move out of the house after the first frost—though why any woman wants to keep alive at eighty years, I don't know. But since I can not come to the wedding—"

"And why not?" interrupted Nettie, sinking down in the cushion at the speaker's feet and clasping the wrinkled hand. "There will be no more welcome guest, I am sure."

"Of course, of course," said the old lady, nodding; "but I gave up weddings and funerals, my dear, a dozen years ago. They disturb my peace. And so you are really going to marry Gilbert Vane!"

"Really, yes," laughed the girl, the soft flush deepening on her cheek. "Don't you approve?"

"My dear, again you are touching a point above my feeble strength. I have neither opinions nor emotions now. They would put me in my grave at once. After four-score years, one becomes a mere calcareous deposit, so the doctors say. You are going to marry a very

fine fellow, I am sure. I have known the family for three generations. And they were all good women and noble men. And now that I have had my tea, and very good tea it was, I want to hear everything—when, and where, and how it is to be."

"October the twentieth, at St. Andrew's," answered Mrs. Alden.

"St. Andrew's!" echoed Madame Brune. "Did I understand you to say *St. Andrew's*, my dear? Why, the Vanes are Roman Catholics."

"But the Aldens are not," was the light reply. "There was some discussion of a home wedding, but Nettie would not consider that at all, so of course Gilbert yielded the point."

"Yielded the point!" repeated the old lady, fixing her keen dark eyes on Nettie's face. "My dear, you astonish me."

"Why?" asked the young lady, "is it not the bride's privilege to choose, dear Madame Brune?"

"Really, I suppose it is," said the old lady. "Of course it is, my dear. Only there is something so unbending in this Roman Catholic faith—one feels, when it yields, a vague sense of weakness, of wrong. And the Vanes! It has been such a Titanic force in their history, my

dear. They are an old English family, you know. If you could just hear the grisly stories of all they went through in the stupid days of bigotry for this same faith—rack, and fire, and gibbet, and sword. And it has come down the generations. Mildred Vane, Gilbert's great-aunt, was one of my dearest friends. The loveliest girl I ever saw, and with the world fairly at her feet. She turned from it all to be a nun. I had both opinions and emotions then, my dear, and we had a scene together. 'This is madness, Mildred,' I cried; 'to turn your back on God's beautiful world!' 'And turn my face to His more beautiful heaven,' she answered.

"And she got there, my dear, in less than two years, nursing paupers in a cholera hospital. And Rupert Vane, Gilbert's uncle, the rightful head of the family, the handsomest, cleverest, man of his set, is bishop of some barbaric place where it's all he can do to keep his people from eating each other. It is a stupendous power, this Catholic faith. If I were not a mere calcareous deposit in these latter days I would say, I was sorry to hear about St. Andrew's. It's the proper thing of course—from our standpoint, but we can veer comfortably to wind and tide,

while the rock of Rome is immovable. But here I am gossiping on like an old granny, forgetting that the sun is going down, and I must be home before the evening chill. I have brought you a little present, my dear. I suppose I could have made it a soup-ladle or a berry dish, but I had a fancy that Gilbert Vane's wife might value this more than any trinket I could buy."

She took a little velvet case from her old-fashioned reticule, and touched the spring. Within, framed in golden filagree, was the miniature of a beautiful girl. The face that smiled up from the old ivory seemed to Nettie the loveliest she had ever seen, for it had Gilbert's eyes softened into a tender radiance, Gilbert's lips with a new sweetness in their rosy curve, Gilbert's brow noble with a strange serenity. And wrought in the delicate frame was the old crest of the Vanes—the cross and heart, with their motto, *Fides et Amor*.

"It is Mildred, my dear," said the old madame. "I have kept it as—well, as a talisman, for fifty years. I can't be here much longer and I don't want her picture to go into stranger's hands, so I give it to you, to Gilbert's wife. She

was the purest, sweetest, noblest being I have ever met. And if pure, sweet spirits have power to bless, my dear, I hope her blessing will fall upon your life and your home. Though I am afraid she wouldn't have approved of St. Andrew's for a wedding," added the old lady, whimsically. "It would seem like tearing down the standard for which all of her blood had lived and died. Why, my dear, the old Vanes would have preferred headsman and block. But the old heroic strain has, I suppose, died out in them like the rest. Your lover is only a modern man to be wheedled and cozened and worried and watched—don't forget that point, my love,—watched. When a man breaks faith once he'll break it again, my dear—he'll break it again."

And with a laughing nod the old madame gathered her furs about her, and made her adieux, leaving Nettie to think.

Ah, the warning had come from the lips of her own world, the warning she had heard in the depths of her heart. She was tearing asunder faith and love, the twin strength that had been Gilbert's heritage; she was clouding the star of his guidance, darkening the heaven of his hope.

And already his life, his love, his happiness felt the darkness, the chill, the loss.

* * * * *

It was late that evening when Gilbert Vane made his usual visit to his betrothed. He found her seated in the shaded lamplight, Madame Brune's miniature in her hand.

"Another wedding-gift?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, who is it?" she asked, holding out the picture.

"Aunt Mildred!" he exclaimed, with a start, "surely Aunt Mildred! Where, how did you get it, dear? It is great-aunt Mildred, as she smiled down from the wall of my grandfather's house, when I was a little boy."

"How beautiful she must have been, Gilbert; her eyes seem to look into our very hearts now, her lips to speak. They have been speaking of you all evening, dear—what is it they say?"

"Oh, do not ask me, Nettie," he broke forth, with sudden passion. "Put the picture away. Do not let me see it. I have turned my back on all that it means for you."

"Oh, Gilbert, no, no!" she cried; "you shall not, must not. I understand, dear love, I understand."

"You can not," he answered, hoarsely. "But it is done now. Let us try to forget Aunt Mildred and all she stands for, dearest. Life is made for joy and love, not for sacrifice and pain. My poor old Uncle Rupert is at home, crippled by his twenty-five years of missionary life in Africa. He has been preaching to me severely. It has been a hard day on me, sweetheart," he leaned his head back in his chair, wearily. "Let us forget it—let us forget."

"You can not, you can not," she answered. "It is too strong, too mighty, too sacred, this faith of yours. It will hold you against your pride, your will, your heart, Gilbert; you can not forget. Forgive me, dearest, that I asked you to do so, even for one hour. Hold to the faith of your fathers; let it bless our marriage, our love, our life."

"Nettie darling, Nettie—oh, wise, sweet, true Nettie, my love, my wife! It is as you say, dear; I have been a coward, a weakling, for your sake."

"I know, I know, and it has hurt you so much," she answered. "It would hurt you more, Gilbert. The shadow of your yielding would be on our lives forever. We will burn the

wedding-cards, dear," she added gaily, "and Uncle Rupert—surely Aunt Mildred's sweet spirit sent him—your Uncle Rupert will marry us next week!"

Mrs. Raymond's Narrow Escape

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

WHEN Tessie Raymond was born, a bright, shining quarter was dropped into the empty toy bank provided against this contingency. It was not a large sum, but quarters were scarce enough in this household to make it respectable. It was the baby's mother who directed the offering and furnished the coin, bidding her neighbor go to the upper drawer in her bureau, where she would find the quarter tucked away alone in one of the divisions of Mrs. Raymond's red pocket-book.

"It's for her marriage," she explained in a voice that revealed pride through its weakness. "I'm going to have the finest wedding for her, when the time comes, that was ever seen in the neighborhood, and I'm going to drop all my spare change in there so there'll be no lack to pay for it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the neighbor, privately thinking that there would not be much change

that could be called "spare" with anything like accuracy, and thinking also that there would be a chance for a change of fortunes "when the time comes," a time that looked far off on this, the second day of the future bride's life.

It is astonishing how rapidly the youngest infant grows up! Tessie Raymond yielded her supremacy of babyhood to three little brothers, saw her father die when she was ten years old, and early began to assume her duties as a good daughter and only sister, to the help of the brave mother whose hands were over-full housing, feeding, and clothing the four children, and giving them the chance in the world that comes only from education. Somehow, through it all, she never lost sight of her purpose of giving Tessie a fine wedding, and she contrived to spare coins of greater or lesser denominations for the steadfast toy bank that exasperated the boys by opposing a stolid front to their itching curiosity as to the amount of its contents.

Tessie was so pretty that there was every reason for her mother to believe that the iron institution in which she confided would early be called upon to divulge its secrets. Brown-haired, brown-eyed, soft of voice, gentle yet playful,

Tessie satisfied even a mother's pride, and when one stopped to consider her unselfishness, her capability, her natural piety, her sweetness of temper—really the old neighbor who had made the first deposit for Tessie's wedding in the bank spoke barest truth when she said that the man would be lucky who got her, if he had no more than a cracker and a glass of water for the wedding breakfast.

This would not have satisfied Tessie's mother's pride, however, and she contrived a steady stream of meager offerings to the goddess Hymen, of whom she had never heard—anticipatory offerings, possibly with a vague idea that in return for her sacrifices Tessie would find a good husband, as well as have a glorious wedding.

Such a pretty girl as Tessie was at eighteen could not escape admirers, but none crossed the barriers of her friendly reserve until Jack Hanson dawned upon the scene.

Jack had a way of getting whatever he wanted, and having seen Tessie once he had not so much as a passing doubt that he wanted her more than anything in all the world, and he did not in the least intend that she should be the exception to his rule of triumphant attainment.

Tessie offered no obstacles; from the first it was a case of true love on her side also, and Mrs. Raymond saw, with a maternal mixture of gladness and sorrow, the first tints of the dawn of that day when she would be called upon to open the bank.

The day crept up apace; already the wedding was in sight, and Mrs. Raymond lay awake nights planning the details of such a glorious celebration as her neighborhood had never seen on like occasion—just what she had meant to make Tessie's wedding when she had lain on her arm, a crumpled, flushed atom of humanity twenty years before.

There came a Sunday night, however, that brought no Jack to the little wooden house which tenanted the Raymonds in its southern half.

Tessie had not said that he was not coming, but her mother saw that she did not expect him. She dared ask no questions as the girl sat drooping in the little front window, hidden by the friendly darkness; she guessed the tears that it concealed.

Tessie crept silently and early to bed that night; her mother was certain that she heard her sobbing in its small hours. What had happened? Jack not there, and Tessie unhappy! Something had come to threaten her girl's happiness,

and to defeat the end for which the little bank was about to yield up her hoarding of twenty years!

Over the tubs on the following morning the mother tried to draw her daughter into the confidences born of the softening suds, that Monday morning gossip which rises more or less innocently to heaven to the real rag-time accompaniment of the board from every house where two daughters of Eve meet to make clean the first penalties of her fall.

Tessie could not be drawn into an explanation.

"It's over, mother dear," she said sadly. "Don't ask me, for I can't tell you. Jack will never come here again."

"And your wedding, Tessie, and all the money I've been dropping in the little iron bank for it?" remonstrated her mother, hard put to it to bear these tidings without the explanation that was her due. "I was talking to Father Danbigh about it, and he said it should be a High Mass, with no charge from the choir, on account of you singing in it so long, so all the money was going for your dress, my girl, and the best breakfast I could buy—there must be plenty for a fine one by now."

"Breakfast! Oh, how can you think of the fine

wedding, mother?" Tessie's cry of pain broke from her lips in spite of herself. Then she quickly got herself in hand, and smiled a wan little smile. "There are the three boys, mother dear, and Laurence is not far behind me; you'll have to use the money in the little bank for him, and give him the wedding that's not for me."

She bent down to run her fingers through the water at the bottom of her tub, as if to make sure no small piece had escaped her; in reality to let her tears drop into the steaming suds. Her mother compressed her lips, and nodded her head as she thrust the hem of a sheet into the wringer and turned the handle with a vigor that declared her not yet vanquished.

"Laurence is all very well," she was thinking, "but he's not Tessie, and it was not for a boy, but for my one girl that I've been scrimping and dropping dimes and nickles into the bank these twenty years."

Jack Hanson was surprised at his desk by the vision of a woman, small one way, but spreading bravely in the other direction, who with her neat black shawl, her black bonnet, and neatly gloved and folded hands obstructed his light as he added the grocery accounts in his employer's customer's

pass books, and compared them with his own entries in the ledger.

"Why, Mrs. Raymond!" he cried, recognizing his visitor. Then he flushed gladly. "Did Tessie send you?" he cried.

"Tessie send me! That she did not," affirmed Mrs. Raymond impatiently, noting with satisfaction Jack's eagerness. "When did you ever know a girl doing anything sensible? I mean," she added, hastily, "when did you ever know a nice girl like Tessie to send after a man that was neglecting her? I've come to know what you mean by treating my girl like this?" It was a shot in the dark, for Mrs. Raymond lacked all data in the case, but accusations, if vague, are always safe, and Tessie's mother felt hers were indefinite enough to be effectual.

"Treating her like this!" echoed Jack hotly. "Now see here, Mrs. Raymond, what can I do? I think, for a gentle girl, Tessie has been pretty cruel."

"That kind can be," admitted Mrs. Raymond, in her eagerness to have things made right, forgetting who it was that she was bound to champion.

"Come in here where no one can hear us,"

said Jack, grateful to find her well disposed toward him. Mrs. Raymond accepted his invitation, and found herself in the inner sanctum of the grocer's office.

"Now, did Tessie tell you about it?" demanded Jack, closing the door.

"Not a word can I get from her," declared her mother, aggrieved. "But Jack dear, how can you leave a girl like Tessie—there's not her equal in ten States—just for some silly quarrel?"

"But how can I go to your house if she forbids me?" asked poor Jack.

"How can you? Just come. And forbids you, is it? What's a girl's forbidding when she's aching for a sight of you? I wouldn't say that to you, mind, if I didn't see you pale and sorrowful, and if I didn't believe you're fond of Tessie."

"Fond of her!" echoed Jack miserably. "I'd die for her. Can a man change so suddenly for a few hot words?"

"That he can't, Jack, that he can't," cried Mrs. Raymond eagerly. "Then walk in on her, and show her you're not the man to give her up because she tells you to! A woman's command is half the time just given to see if you're not man enough to break it; it wasn't meant for keeping."

Jack laughed, but he shook his head. "A man has his pride too, Mother Raymond," he said.

"Oh, his pride, his pride!" cried Mrs. Raymond impatiently. "And her pride, and the silly childishness of the two of you! Oh, I've no patience! And what's to become of the old woman's pride I'd be asking you? Where's the wedding I've been saving to give Tessie, putting the first bit of silver by for it when she wasn't much above twenty-four hours in the world? Such a wedding, Jack, as it would be! Are you going to spoil all my plans just because Tessie's acting foolish?"

"What is the consent of the bride compared to the consent of the little iron savings bank?" cried Jack, looking up with the laugh in his blue eyes that made it easy to understand why Tessie found her world dark without their light. "You are like Solomon in wisdom, dear Mother Raymond, and I'll abide by your counsel. Far be it from me to dash the hopes of so many years! I'll come to-night, unexpectedly, and heaven send Tessie will let me take her by storm, for if she turns me out this time, Mrs. Raymond, I can't come back."

"Turn you out!" ejaculated the mother with

her face beaming. "What's the good of turning a man out of the door when he's in the very heart of a girl? And it's a poor creature that can't close the lips of the girl that loves him so she'll have no chance and no will to say the words that turn him out!"

That night Mrs. Raymond withdrew to her neighbor's, leaving Tessie mourning her dead hopes in the darkness.

When she came home later it was to a house and a daughter radiant with light. For Tessie had no desire to drive Jack away, and did penance of tears on his shoulder for her cruelty.

Three weeks later the little iron savings bank was opened and its treasure poured out upon Tessie's bed, amid her mother's flushed pride, and the boys' round-eyed wonder. There was enough and to spare to carry out the wildest dreams of a glorious wedding which had stood at Mrs. Raymond's pillow in the most sanguine moments of those twenty years.

The neighborhood still talks of the glories of Tessie Raymond's wedding; it still remains its ideal of possible perfection, never before nor since attained by any other bride's launching.

Tessie's lasting happiness, the depth and

devotion of her love for Jack, and his for her is, of course, a more profound source of gratification to her rotund little mother. Yet it is not a trifle to attain the ambition of twenty years; few of us attain even the passing ambition of an hour. And Mrs. Raymond had not saved and labored fruitlessly.

A Client of St. Joseph

BY JOSEPHINE PORTUONDO.

THE day promised to be a strenuous one for the Reverend Michael Foley. A sick call in the country at three o'clock in the morning, is not the best preparation for the many duties of a priest's busy Sunday, particularly when there is no curate to help him. He did not return until almost time to take his place in the confessional, which he had just left for a breath of fresh air before vesting for early Mass.

It was the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The beauty of early Spring ran riot in the priest's garden, which separated the sacristy from the house. His one relaxation was gardening, and generously did his plants repay the care and labor expended on them. A bed of late tulips along the walk was like a streak of intensified sunshine, the lilacs were breaking into bloom, the peach-trees a pink cloud overhead. A robin in one of them burst forth into a song of joy. But on all this wealth of beauty the priest looked with weary eyes. Father Foley's position

in Xville had been no easy one. Seventeen years before, when he arrived, fresh from the seminary, to take charge of St. Joseph's parish, he had been full of confidence, and of the hope born of inexperience. He had struggled to pay the interest on the debt, some of the principal, the running expenses, not light by any means, the insurance, and, out of his own slender means, to help every distressed person, or every one who represented himself as distressed within the parish or beyond it. To the remonstrances of his sister and housekeeper, Miss Margaret, who rather disapproved of such indiscriminate charity, he answered, "O well, Margaret, it is better to give to ten undeserving ones, than to refuse help to one who needs it."

To this, Miss Margaret wisely made no rejoinder, although she sighed over her sewing, and wished that "Father" could buy himself a new cassock and discard the decidedly shabby one she was then repairing.

Father Foley had at length brought the financial condition of the church to a condition of tolerable prosperity, and was beginning to congratulate himself upon his success, when, through a number of untoward and unforeseen

circumstances, he found himself called upon to pay a note for three thousand dollars. The following week would bring the day on which payment would have to be made, and how to raise the money was the question now troubling the priest's busy mind. Late the night before, he had sat in his study revolving ways and means, and even his sleep had been disturbed by dreams of a figure 3 with three ciphers annexed to it. He acknowledged to himself, almost for the first time in his life, as he stood there in the bright morning sunlight, that he was tired and a little bit discouraged. However, even with this thought came also a hope, born of the steadfast faith of the priest, that a way out of the difficulty would be found. Recalling to his mind the feast of the day, he resolved to petition St. Joseph in his Mass that morning, to obtain for him the object of his desires. From his boyhood he had cherished a special devotion to St. Joseph, which he tried to cultivate among his parishioners. He had placed before the saint's altar in the church a stand of votive candles, some of which were always burning.

The people assembling in front of the church, to await the beginning of Mass, were the usual

types met with in a small farming and manufacturing community. The farmers with their wives and children, the picture of sunburned health, forming a striking contrast to the pale and delicate-looking workers in the cotton mills, whose great chimneys were dimly discernible in the distance. Among these were a number of young girls whose modest bearing proved that daily labor in a large factory had not spoiled them, a fact which spoke volumes for the influence of their religion. A carriage driving up to the church, caused them to stop their conversation for the moment, while they gazed in surprise at so unusual a sight as the carriage and sleek bay horses of Mr. Milbank, the owner of the mill, bringing some one to Mass. One of the girls whispered to the other, "It must be Mrs. Milbank's cousin from New York. My sister Mary is going home with her to be her little girl's nurse, and that's how I happen to know all about her. Her husband died last winter, and left her a million dollars, but look at the sad face of her. Poor thing, she looks like nothing could comfort her."

"I wonder what he died of," answered her companion, "perhaps it was pleurisy. That

took lots of people last winter. Don't you remember, Annie Fagin worked at the factory on a Monday, and Saturday we went to her funeral?"

In the meantime a slender, veil-draped figure in black had stepped from the carriage, and was lifting out a little brown-eyed fairy of a child, about six years of age, who ran lightly up the church steps, and paused in front of the door, awaiting her mother with a bright smile, which brought an answering one to the young widow's sad face. With the little one's hand clasped in her own, she walked down the aisle, and entered an empty pew near the altar.

Elizabeth Manning was but twenty-seven years of age, young indeed for the stunning blow which had so recently fallen upon her. When the husband to whom she was devotedly attached died after an illness of but a few days, she had tried to bear up for the sake of the little daughter, her only child, although this cost her an effort at times almost beyond her strength. Her cousin, Mrs. Milbank, hoping that the change would be of benefit, had written so kindly, begging her to spend some time with her in Xville that Elizabeth had not found it in her heart to

refuse. The peaceful quiet of the little country-town was soothing to her, and as she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament this bright spring morning, and prayed with a Catholic's trust in Him who is always waiting there to listen to our petitions, she felt within her breast something very like consolation.

When the bell rang for the beginning of Mass, the child gravely opened a small rosary-case, and taking from it a coral rosary, began slipping the beads through her chubby fingers, while she whispered the prayers.

In his sermon, Father Foley dwelt particularly on the power of St. Joseph to obtain for us any favor we ask of him, adding, "Beloved friends, I can truthfully state that I have never petitioned St. Joseph for anything that he has not granted me. Approach, then with confidence, this glorious saint, and be assured that the foster-father of our divine Lord will obtain from Him a favorable answer to all your petitions."

The Mass over, the little one seated herself to await the conclusion of her mother's devotions. She watched the altar-boys putting out the lights on the high altar, and then her attention was directed to the altar of St. Joseph, before which

the stand of votive candles burned brilliantly. "Mamma," she whispered, "may I light a candle?" Elizabeth nodded assent, giving her a small coin. The child advanced timidly to the altar, where she knelt a moment, as she had seen her mother do, before taking the taper to light the one candle which was not burning. It was rather high, and as the child stood on tiptoe, leaning over a little the better to reach it, the light lace and muslin ruffle on the upper part of her dress came in contact with one of the lights, and in an instant she was encircled by a small writhing serpent of flame. Father Foley, kneeling before the altar in prayer, looked around on hearing the mother's agonized scream, and with incredible swiftness ran towards the child, grasping on his way the heavy rug on the sanctuary floor, which he wrapped tightly around the little form.

* * * * *

In the mail which reached the Reverend Michael Foley on the following Tuesday, there was a black-bordered envelope, which he opened with a puzzled air. A slip of paper was enclosed, which proved to be a check for three thousand dollars. The letter read as follows:

“ REVEREND DEAR FATHER:

“ There are occasions on which words fail to express what one would wish to say. I feel that this is one of them. It will be impossible for me ever to forget that your heroism saved my little daughter from the appalling fate which threatened her. I beg you to accept the enclosed as a small token of my thankfulness.

“ Most sincerely and gratefully,

“ ELIZABETH MANNING.”

The priest clapped his bandaged hands, regardless of the pain it caused him, and called joyfully to his sister in the next room: “ Margaret, St. Joseph has paid the note.”

Our Lady of Trim

An Incident of the Irish War of 1641.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

THERE WAS terror in Trim, for the Irish insurgents, in arms for hearth and altar, had evacuated the place on the approach of a superior force, and the ferocious English troops were marching in.

“Now kind heaven save us, they are Coote’s men, and there is old Sir Charles himself riding at their head,” said a white-faced citizen as he peered cautiously from the projecting diamond-paned window of his home, overlooking the ancient street of quaint “birdcage houses,” built of timber and plaster, as went the domestic architecture of the period.

“Good saints above, what base and cruel faces!” continued the burgher. “Verily their appearance belies not the evil accounts we have heard of them. I would as lief this evening see a legion of fiends parading our streets.”

“We have naught to fear from them, Lawrence,”

protested his wife. "We are not rebels, but good and loyal subjects of our sovereign lord the King."

"Yes, but we are Catholics," significantly said the burgher.

In the distance soared the stately Yellow Tower of the most ancient monastery of that old border town of many monasteries, looking down upon a blue and golden vista of high-peaked roofs and beam-crossed gable ends. The sunset rays slanted across the street, lighting up with many a point of radiance the armor of a marching regiment of cavalry. It was like a huge, brilliant-scaled serpent, making its way into the town—and no fouler or more venomous serpent than Coote's dragoons ever polluted the earth! On they came in glittering panoply. Over their buff coats they wore steel corselets or "back and breasts." On their heads were casquetels, or peaked steel caps, with nose guards, and lobster-tailed protection for the back of the neck. Every trooper held his musketoon upright on the pommel of his saddle, and over them fluttered white pennons emblazoned with the red cross of St. George.

In front, clad in complete armor, rode a man of

hard face and grizzled beard—"old Coote," the most fiendish military murderer of his day, who had declared to the English government council in Dublin that he "would not spare the blood of Papists;" who had been therefore selected, as a most likely instrument, provost-marshal general; and who proved the malignant strength of his promise by sparing none of the persecuted Faith from the infant at the breast to the old man on the brink of the grave. Wicklow, Santry, Clontarf, Bulloge—wherever went Sir Charles Coote, made governor of Dublin for his crimes, there were the blackened ruins of homes and villages, strewn with the corpses of the helpless and innocent.

It was a terrible time in the eastern province of Ireland—that following the uprising of the oppressed native Irish in 1641 in their desperate struggle for civil and religious liberty. And the central figure of all the blackest cruelty was that old governor and provost-marshal general who rode that day into the town of Trim.

"Yes, yes, we are loyal subjects of King Charles, but we are Catholics," continued the gazing burgher to his wife, "and sad must be our lot while we have those demons quartered among us. Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile

nobody's life, goods, or honor, can be safe in the presence of such vermin. Here come the pikemen—back from the window, wife, back, I say!”

But he spoke and acted too late—Dame Hammond gasped and fell in a swoon at sight of some white objects that were borne on the pikes of the infantry—the naked bodies of slaughtered infants.

“I like such frolics,” Coote had said, and his hideous approval was ever sedulously earned by the ruffians of his command.

A strange, historic town is Trim, the chief place in Ireland where Irish and Sassenach, native chieftain and clansman and invading baron, burgher and soldier, were wont for centuries to meet and mingle, their mutual race hatred suppressed under the soothing and conciliating influence of religion and especially of common devotion to the Mother of God. The place, amid the rich grass lands of Meath, originally a village that had grown up around the monastery founded on the pleasant banks of the river Boyne by St. Loman, nephew of St. Patrick. To this ancient establishment, with its enclosure and cells, had succeeded a great monastery, in which was long preserved a celebrated statue of the

Blessed Virgin. Before this statue many wonders were performed; the blind received their sight, the deaf their hearing, the crippled the use of their limbs. Year after year, period after period, miracles attracted the attention of Ireland to the statue of Our Blessed Lady of Trim. Pilgrims of both nations gathered in devotion before it; the saffron linen garments of the Irish kerne brushed against the Lincoln green and hodden-gray of the English archers and yeomen.

When the Anglo-Norman invaders came they saw the strategical importance of Trim, and they built there one of the strongest castles in Ireland, a castle in which parliaments were held and statutes passed, among them sundry ones prohibiting the Irish from coming into the Pale, or English district, wearing their cowlins or flowing hair, and from dyeing their many plaited garments yellow. English king's sons and lord lieutenants were here, debating with knights and nobles how best to hold the Irish land they had seized, or how best to annex some more. Here Richard de Burgo, the powerful Red Earl of Ulster, alarmed the English sovereign by holding more than kingly state. Here young Henry of Lan-

caster, afterwards Henry V., of Agincourt fame, was imprisoned by Richard II., then on the eve of his deposition. And here the powerful Edward Mortimer, Earl of March and Ulster, and lord lieutenant of Ireland, took off for the last time his armor, to lie down and die of the plague.

Other monasteries grew up. At the Athboy gate the lord of Meath, Geoffrey de Geneville, founded one in honor of the Virgin Mary, for Dominicans. The Plunketts built the Gray Friary, dedicated to St. Bonaventure, for the Franciscans. Bishop Simon Rochfort built a house for the Canons Regular; the Crutched Friars, or cross bearers, had a magnificent priory under the invocation of St. John the Baptist; and there was also a nunnery.

But now conditions were changed. Trim, with its castles and monasteries, lay within English domination. Therefore the religious houses had been closed up and their possessions confiscated. The miraculous statue of Our Lady of Trim attracted the special and sinister attention of George Browne, the apostate English Augustinian friar whom Henry VIII. had made Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; he had it taken down from its niche and publicly burned.

That sacrilegious iconoclasm, which caused deep anger and grief throughout Ireland, occurred in 1538, or more than a hundred years before the truculent Coote and his troopers rode into the historic town on the Boyne. But the Irish religious spirit, indestructible, invincible, blazed as brightly as ever. In course of time a statue was provided instead of the destroyed one, and it also was known as that of Our Blessed Lady of Trim.

So stood matters when the grizzled and ferocious old provost-marshal general dismounted from his horse that evening in the alarmed town of Trim—and he dismounted right at the door of that worthy burgher, Lawrence Hammond, just as the latter was supporting his unconscious wife in his arms and the soldiers were trooping past with their ghastly trophies. For a good and presentable house was Citizen Hammond's, and Coote had a discerning eye and relish for his own personal comfort.

“Get Sir Charles and his officers the best the house affords, Annette, and send up Lilian to tend to your mistress. Be not alarmed, but speak and treat the gentlemen fair, and, God and the Blessed Virgin protecting us, we may yet come off unharmed.”

But the burgher's voice was tremulous, for he had heard how Coote had wantonly hanged the innocent Father Higgins in Dublin, on the mere pretense of his being a Papist, and killed the women and suckling infants of Clontarf, and hanged a gentlewoman and a boy on the bridge of Neuragh.

Well, the unwelcome visitors dined and generous was the fare, courteously, though with strong secret grudging, placed before them—prime beef and mutton raised on the Meathian pastures, the finest in Ireland, washed down with the best sack and ale that could be found in Trim cellars and taverns.

“Have a fire lighted on the street in front of the house, fellow,” commanded Coote, while knives and teeth were busy. “I want to rebuke the idol-worshiping Papists for their accursed superstition and to give them a fiery hint of the wrath to come, ay, of the scourge that is even now at their doors.”

The fire was lighted as ordered, and by and by the gray terror took a seat in front of it, in a ring of swaggering troopers and trembling citizens. Soon was seen the object of the fire, as two soldiers came up the street, shouldering

between them a large wooden statue of St. Peter, taken from the church of a neighboring abbey.

“To the flames with him, keys and all,” cried Coote; “and would we could give all the Irish rebels the same treatment.”

The statue was hewn into pieces, which were cast into the fire. Then was brought a statue of St. Paul, which was destroyed in the same way. And a third statue was borne into the circle by jeering and grinning troopers, a statue whose appearance, as the firelight showed the gentle features, the crown, the folded hands and flowing garments, evoked from the citizens a murmur of sorrow and indignation.

It was the statue of Our Blessed Lady of Trim.

The axes flashed and crashed, amid ribald shouts and laughter, and Sir Charles Coote, provost-marshal general of Ireland and governor of Dublin, with the virulence of bigotry in his heart, and innocent blood on his gnarled hands, sat in front of the house of Lawrence Hammond and watched the fragments blaze and crackle.

“And thus, like the emblems of their superstition, with steel and fire will I destroy the “Papists,” he declared, with a blasphemous oath,

“ay, even if my way should lie over the hot embers of hell.”

A shot rang out down the street, immediately followed by an irregular volley.

“The Irishry are attacking,” shouted a trooper who came rushing into the firelight.

Sir Charles Coote sprang to his feet and uttered a quick command, and that instant he dropped dead with a stray bullet in his brain, a column of sparks darting up as his hands and head struck the fire. There were no hangings or outrages in the town that night, no massacre of women and children, and the grateful inhabitants laid their salvation to the intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Trim.

Karl's Raid

BY MARY G. BONESTEEL.

It was July 15, 1870, that the French Emperor, Napoleon III., declared war against Prussia; and so well was Germany prepared, that by the end of the month every detail of the mobilization of her great army was complete.

The little village of Metz lay near Staarbruck, at which place a small force of Germans were stationed to guard the frontier, and, should the French advance in this direction, keep them back until the troops of the Crown Prince should come up. It was a rich and enticing country for small parties of foragers, every village containing more or less wealth and plenty of provision and live stock.

It was barely five o'clock of a beautiful morning in early August, and the little village of Metz lay wrapped in peaceful slumber. The sun was just gilding the granite roofs of the ancient old houses in the town, when the door of a small white cottage, which stood near the main road leading to Staarbruck, opened, and there stepped

out a fine manly looking youth of eighteen. The cottage belonged to Frau Gunther, a poor widow with four sons. She herself was a French woman from over the border line, Madame 'Toinette, the neighbors called her, but her sons, of whom Karl was the eldest and her chief comfort and support, were thoroughly German in thought and feeling.

Until war had been declared it had made no difference that Madame 'Toinette was French, but now the neighbors looked askance at her as she carried her butter and eggs to market in Staarbruck; and the neighbors' children had begun to taunt her sons with being French. Karl, with his father's blue eyes and yellow hair! Madame 'Toinette smiled as she thought of it. But it was no joke to poor Karl, as he watched his friends and schoolmates march off to war, and leave him behind. But he could not go now. As Father Kautzer pointed out to him, his first duty was to his mother and the younger children. Without Karl, who made every foot of their scanty field yield a crop, they would have suffered the pangs of direst poverty. But he worked hard, and Frau Gunther, with true French thriftiness, made her one cow and her

few chickens pay their rent, and so they managed to keep body and soul together. Of late Karl had obtained a position with Herr Kneeder, the rich brewer and banker of the village, as office boy and messenger. The salary was small, but Karl hoped to save it all, so that when fall came he would have sufficient to leave his mother and the children in comfort for the winter and so enable him to enlist. He had to work hard, for the bank must be cleaned and opened by nine o'clock, and all the farm work must be done too, so it was only by rising very early that he was able to accomplish it all, though Hans, now a big boy of fourteen was a great help.

"If I have the chance I will show them that 'Frenchy' (his schoolboy nickname) can fight as well as they. Hans is now fourteen, big and strong to look after the mother and the little ones."

It was this he was thinking as he started off to work. He meant to do a lot, for he must be at the bank in time to open up at nine. He carried his breakfast in a knapsack an old soldier friend had given him. Catching up the rake, he walked off briskly, whistling gayly, down the main road to the field on the other side of it.

A sudden turn in the road brought him face to face with two fine-looking French officers on horseback. Amazed at this apparition, for there were no troops of any kind in the vicinity, the boy paused—whereupon the younger of the two officers dismounted, and drawing his saber advanced toward him with an air of menace.

“Who are you and what are you doing up at this early hour?” he asked sternly.

Karl would have liked to have asked the same of his questioner, but his quick wits had been at work and he guessed as to who these officers in a strange uniform were. He looked back along the dusty highway as if to confirm his suspicions. He knew what he should see—a long column of French cavalry. Sure enough they were there; the men laughing and talking softly, the horses restlessly champng at their bits. The French Raiders had come at last! For three weeks the villagers had been warned that the enemy would attempt a raid upon all towns between Staarbruck and the frontier which were of any wealth or importance. Metz had not only the big brewery, but a bank, which did a good business in the province, and it lay temptingly near the border, whence the enemy

could make good their retreat. But it was the old story of "Wolf, wolf," for when, after two or three warnings, no raiders appeared, the villagers simply laughed and paid no further heed.

"Question the boy," commanded the senior of the two officers, and question Karl they did. Who owned the bank at Metz, who were the wealthy men of the town, etc. Instantly Karl decided that he would pretend that he could not understand French, and he would look as stupid and half-witted as possible. His plan worked admirably. He answered in German and as though he were half idiotic, until the senior officer soon lost patience and exclaimed.

"Come, De Latour, let's be off. We are only wasting our time on this half-witted German lad."

"Very good, my Colonel. Shall we take the boy a prisoner?"

"No, no, it is not necessary. The lad has not sense enough to give the alarm—he doesn't understand French. Beside, we can not spare a single man to guard him."

The two officers joined their men, and the long column of gayly uniformed French soldiers dashed off toward the village. The situation was plain enough to Karl. This was a French

foraging party out on a raid; it was, of course, too late to warn and arouse the village at large, but perhaps he could be in time to save Herr Kneedler's money at the bank, which stood at the very end of the long main street. The boy was thinking out a plan to save the bank's money, as he fled across lots into the town. If the French commander could have seen the "half-witted German boy who couldn't understand a word of French," he would certainly have changed his mind as to his value as a prisoner.

But Karl had not seen a soul, as he reached the bank panting and breathless after his hard run. He had the key of the door, so he entered quickly and locked it after him; he did not wish to be seen or interrupted. Already a confused sound of shouts and yells at the far end of the town warned him that the raiders were at work. There was not a moment to lose—he seized a heavy iron bar which guarded the side window, and using it as a ram soon broke the lock of the safe, so that he could get the door open.

There was a large quantity of notes and paper money inside, which Karl stuffed into his knapsack along with his breakfast. The silver he stuffed into his big baggy pockets, and he had

already decided what to do with the gold, which was in heavy canvas bags. He couldn't carry it, but back of the bank stood an old, partially dry well. It was the safest and quickest hiding-place he could think of. But the noise and confusion was growing nearer, and there wasn't an instant to lose. It took several trips before the bags of precious metal were safely bestowed in their odd hiding-place.

Karl fastened up the window again securely, and leaving the front door locked so as to gain time to make his own escape, he barely got out of the back door as the enemy rode up to the front one. He thought it best to be seen at work in the fields, so no possible suspicion could be raised against him.

An hour later, when the French raiders dashed by the widow Gunther's potato field, there stood the half-witted German boy, gazing after them.

In hot pursuit of the French rode a motley force of volunteers, armed with all manner of weapons, furious at being surprised and plundered by these daring Frenchmen. But they were too late, the raiders got safely off with their rich haul of money and jewels—for though the

officers had been careful not to touch private property, their men had no such scruples. Hardly a well-to-do man in the village but mourned stolen silver and jewelry. Metz, in all its ancient and respectable history, had never had such a loss; ruin it meant to many.

As pursued and pursuers vanished from sight, Karl ran back to the bank. The front door had been battered down; the little banking-room was in the wildest confusion. Books and papers were scattered everywhere, and in the midst of it all stood Herr Kneedler, with a white, set face.

"Every cent is gone! It means ruin," he was saying as Karl entered. 'The Steward of His Excellency' had twenty thousand thalers in gold, this being Saturday and pay day for the men in the factory. "Well, Karl," he said to the boy, "I hope those cowardly Frenchmen have not run off with all your mother's pigs and cows. They have ruined me, lad."

"You'll feel better, sir, when I show you my breakfast, and get you a drink of water," was Karl's astounding and incomprehensible reply.

Herr Kneedler thought that fright had made the boy lose his wits. But with a smiling face

Karl drew out of the old knapsack a huge bunch of bread—then a handful of paper money.

“It is all here,” he cried gayly, emptying it, then turning his pockets inside out until all the silver was out of them. “Now for a drink of water.”

Thoroughly bewildered, but hopeful of he knew not what, Herr Kneedler, with a group of interested spectators, followed Karl to the old well, where he soon fished out the bags of gold, not one whit the worse for their bath.

When the town heard how “Frenchy” had saved Herr Kneedler’s bank, Karl was quite a hero in a small way. But best of all, as the result of his daring and honesty he obtained the desire of his heart, for when Herr Kneedler asked him to name his reward, he answered simply:

“Take my brother Hans in my place at the bank, mine Herr, so that I may join the army. If you will look after the mother and the little ones, I can go in peace.”

To this Herr Kneedler readily agreed, so Karl had his wish—the chance he had longed for, to fight for his country. Our soldier boy was at Strasburg when the city capitulated, and the

last hope of the French was lost. Later on he marched to Paris with the king, and was at Versailles, which the Prussian king made his headquarters. He served all through those dreadful days of the seige of Paris, and his heart bled for his mother's unfortunate countrymen. Karl was with the victorious investing army which marched through the streets of the fallen city, poor, famine-stricken Paris, early in January of '71; and it was with real joy and gladness of heart that he received an honorable discharge, some few weeks later and returned to his native village, the hero of many battles, who had proven his love of country, and was content to settle down once more to the calm and quiet life of the village.

“ In Freedom’s Name ”

BY ALICE R. M. GARLAND.

FORTUNE had placed little Margretta Crewe in a difficult way. At an early age she had lost her young mother, and soon afterward, her father, Lieutenant Crewe of His Majesty’s army, was ordered across the ocean to help maintain order in the rebellious Colonies.

In the spring of 1777, when Margretta was sixteen years old, word came to her from her father to join him in the new country. This she did in proper time. Lovely in person and charming in manner she was received into the family of Mr. Thomas Coyne of Kingston, whose gentle Quaker wife did much to make her happy and contented in her new home. At first Margretta’s father had placed her with a royalist family in Trenton that she might be near him, but he soon thought it wiser to change her residence to the quieter and more refined town of Kingston some miles distant.

To be sure Mistress Coyne was a true patriot. Her husband and sons had suffered at the hands

of insolent hirelings; friends and neighbors had lost their small properties and some had already shed their life's blood for the great cause. Nobody in Kingston denied that Margretta Crewe was an exceedingly pretty and fascinating young girl. But it was plain to them from the first that she had no sympathy with the Colonists, and often called them "plagued rebels" under her breath.

On the Wednesday noon following Margretta's arrival in Kingston a solemn little procession of women came down the village street and entered Mistress Coyne's house in the square. This was the first shirt-making party since Margretta had become a member of the Coyne family. The group settled themselves noiselessly about the back drawing-room and chatted in subdued tones while Mistress Coyne passed out the cut homespun.

"Ah," said she, looking about for the young girl, "I must summon Margretta. She is likely above at her oils. A more beautiful colorist thou hast not seen nor yet a more perfect needlewoman."

"Margretta, Margretta," called she, "wilt thou descend to meet our friends?"

The young girl hastened at the call and came down at once.

"I am most favored to make your acquaintance," was the girl's reply to the ladies, as she curtsied politely.

"What comeliness, what charm of countenance!" were the whispered comments.

At this moment two young gentlemen who had come to pay their respects were announced from the hallway and ushered into the drawing-room.

"My friends," said Mistress Coyne, sedately, "thou hast not the pleasure, I think, of knowing Miss Margretta Crewe. Captain Breynton, Margretta, and Mr. Dodge, recently returned from the continent."

Margretta curtsied again and blushed becomingly.

"Miss Crewe," explained Mistress Coyne, "is the daughter of Lieutenant Crewe of His Majesty's army now stationed at Trenton. Nevertheless the young lady holds the interest of our poor fellows at heart, I feel certain; she will join us at the shirts, I am sure—such an excellent seamstress, gentlemen!"

Captain Breynton looked significantly at his

friend, and remarked pleasantly that the soldiers were fortunate in having so fair a champion. Margretta was still standing behind the chair which Mistress Coyne had placed for her. As the lady motioned her to it, the girl's pink cheeks became pinker, and her keen eyes keener and more spirited.

"Thanks much for your kind invitation, Mistress Coyne," said she, straightening to her full height, "but I am a loyalist, and can not sew shirts for rebel soldiers. 'Twould not abide with my conscience."

As she turned to go, her eyes met those of young Captain Breynton, who, brave young man though he was, appeared ill at ease under this fire.

"I mean no rebuke to you, sir," added she, "you will pardon me, I trust."

Mistress Coyne was sadly embarrassed, and made no effort to restrain her young charge from leaving the room. "Margretta," said she, calmly, as the girl bowed her withdrawal, "thou couldst do no possible harm to thy king by setting a few stitches in these plain garments."

"Forgive me, dear Mistress Coyne," answered Margretta stiffly, "but I can never set stitches for rebel soldiers nor countenance their acts in any

way!" With her head high and flaming eyes she left the company.

"Heigh-ho, lad!" said Captain Breynton to his companion after they had bade the ladies farewell, "there's courage for you and strength of character. Hasn't she beauty, though, and charm! Wouldn't she make a grand patriot! A pity she's so deceived, hey, Dodge?"

Captain Breynton did not soon forget the incident in Mistress Coyne's drawing-room. A brilliant, defiant face confronted him for hours, and a clear, volatile voice rang in his head. Neither was Margretta unmindful of the admiring glance of Captain Breynton as she passed him by.

"Alas," thought she, once more in the quiet of her chamber, "he is quite a gentleman! I—I like him much. Though, of course, he hates Tories, and I *am* a Tory. I detest rebels—every one of them." As if to doubly convince herself she stamped her foot forcibly and folded her arms.

Captain Breynton and Margretta chanced to meet several times about town during the succeeding week. On these occasions he invariably showed his gallantry by lifting completely from his head his fine, cocked hat, and Margretta

returned the same with curtsy and becoming blush. On one of those early fall days, as Margretta hurried along on business for Mistress Coyne, Captain Breynton stopped to remark that his company's final drill would take place the following day at Wallingford two miles away. He must regretfully say adieu to Miss Crewe, perhaps for the last time.

Margretta was unusually silent for the rest of the day. Those about her noticed that she seemed downcast and preoccupied and hardly tasted her food.

At sunrise the next morning, with Mistress Coyne's permission, Margretta, followed by her faithful Fido, walked over to Wallingford. Her heart beat high as she neared the drill campus and her eyes shone with unconcealed pleasure when Captain Breynton came forward and greeted her cordially.

"So you really have no regard for us rebels?" he asked gaily, after much indifferent conversation.

Margretta had hoped this subject would not be broached, but she looked him squarely in the eyes, as she replied: "I can not truthfully say that I admire the rebels, sir—I could not with conscience. Captain Breynton," urged Mar-

gretta with youthful enthusiasm, "can you not see—you who are so intelligent and brave—that it is a quite wrong attitude you soldiers are taking in—"

"I beg not to enter into controversy with you, dear Miss Crewe," said he with emphatic kindness. "I know that ere long 'twill be you whose attitude will change. I feel that you are a right-minded young woman, and will not deceive yourself. You will experience a change of heart. I am sure of it, very sure."

The drums beat to order, the bugles sounded, and Captain Breynton bowed himself away reluctantly, saying, "Adieu, Miss Margretta! I go in Freedom's name. Some day you will believe it."

"Adieu, sir," said she haughtily, trying hard to conceal her emotion, "I shall never believe it is a just cause, never! But good luck attend you. A safe return, sir!"

Margretta stood spellbound as her eyes followed Captain Breynton's strong, military figure out of sight. "Isn't he splendid!" she was repeating to herself. "Such a gentleman and so like our own indeed. But—but—he is a rebel—a plagued rebel like the rest of them!"

The winter closed in bitter cold about Kingston and all the surrounding region, and still the outlook for peace was far off. Travel was blocked, trading with the outside world almost impossible, sickness and want plentiful, and yet in tens and dozens the young fellows of the town were being mustered into the dreadful service of war.

Margretta saw it all, a silent witness to unspeakable distress and sorrow. The long, hard winter dragged on. More definite news was finding its way in from the seat of action. Sick and wounded were hauled into town on sledges at least once a week, and weeping wives and mothers walked knee-deep in snow to meet their returning loved ones and clasp them to their aching hearts.

Despite all this Margretta rejoiced secretly when she learned of the repulse of General Washington at Germantown and grieved openly when a glad Colonist announced the surrender of her father's old-time friend, General Burgoyne.

* * * * *

"Good evening to you, Mistress Crewe," said Mr. Tobey to Margretta, as she entered his shop where all the news and gossip of the town were daily dispensed.

The girl did not answer. She was intent on something that was being read at the other end of the shop. A familiar name had caught her ear and she felt her heart beat doubly quick as the reading continued.

“General Washington has given orders for the Harpswell troops to join him at Valley Forge, Colonel Smith and Captain Breynton in command. This seems well-nigh impossible, for they are in great need. But one man in forty has a whole shirt and their shoes are destroyed from heavy marches.”

Margretta turned away and leaned against a great barrel. Her errand was wholly forgotten, and when she had recovered herself she hurried home and up to her own room.

For the next few days the family saw little of her. She seemed to be constantly busy and seldom ate at table. Her painting was left untouched, a strange omission indeed, and her cheery voice had ceased to ring through the house. Mistress Coyne was troubled, but asked no questions.

“Margretta is quieting as she grows into womanhood,” she explained to her husband. “It is well for the maid to check her buoyant spirits.”

As Mistress Coyne was remarking thus there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in, Margretta," said she. "I know by thy touch 'tis thou."

The young girl stepped close to Mistress Coyne and spoke in a low tone. She held in her hand an interesting package done up in stout brown paper and strongly tied.

"No, dear child," answered the lady delightedly, "I shall not question thee as to the contents of the parcel. Dost truly mean 'tis for one of our poor fellows? Margretta, Margretta!"

The tears came to the woman's eyes, but she smiled through them and placed her arm fondly about the young girl.

"The parcel must go at once, dear Mistress Coyne," urged Margretta, "but how to do it? Harpswell is some twenty miles, and such roads!"

"I have a fair thought," cried the lady gleefully. "Peter Rand journeys to Allentown to-morrow. 'Tis within five miles of Harpswell. The post goes from Allentown two days each week. Mr. Johnson will gladly take it from him, I'm convinced."

Margretta was jubilant. She called on Peter Rand at once and asked his cooperation.

"I shall gladly serve you, miss," announced the austere old man. "I'm happy to see you softened and proper. 'Tis naught of ill?" asked the man with a suspicious glance.

Margretta's spirit almost got the better of her, but she remembered that this was her one chance.

"This is a very well-meant act, good man," said she; "wilt oblige me in this?"

Peter Rand took the parcel rather sullenly and promised to deliver it into Mr. Johnson's hands.

The days passed on and the weeks, and still no word had come to her of her precious parcel. Margretta was becoming anxious and irritable. She blamed first one messenger, then the other, and finally decided, after their avowed denial of neglect, that the fault lay in the indifference of the recipient.

The fact was, that just before its arrival at Harpswell, the troops had left, according to General Washington's orders, and were then quartered with him at Valley Forge, preparatory to taking action.

The frozen condition of the ground and the great dearth of food and clothing had delayed their movements by several weeks. At last things took on a brighter aspect, and the Com-

mander-in-Chief had called for a final conference with his aids. Captain Breynton was one of the officers present at the meeting in the small, low room of the general's headquarters.

General Washington was speaking seriously to them of his plans for the approaching campaign when one of the army horse boys appeared on the threshold. He bowed with much solemnity to his superiors—the poor, ragged boy with pinched and frozen features.

"Please you, sir," said he in abashed tones, addressing the General, "I cut this from Bob's tail under the horse cloth and brought it at once. They said you'd wish it. Pardon, sir, pardon."

General Washington thanked the boy for his care as he took from him a torn and besmirched bundle which seemed to be a mass of paper and tangled twine much betied and beknotted, yet showing withal great care in its original packing. No name being decipherable, and the company silent with apparent curiosity, the general pulled off the wrappings, unfolded something of considerable weight and bulk, and held up before the astonished gentlemen a great shirt of homespun, across the front of which was embroidered with

coarse red worsted the words, "In Freedom's Name."

Further observation disclosed a note securely pinned to the back and addressed to Captain Breyn-ton at Harpswell.

On hearing that it was for him Captain Breyn-ton became visibly agitated. General Washington on his part expressed great regret at having opened the package and offered sincere apology. Captain Breyn-ton begged him to make no concern of so simple a mistake and turned to the precisely penned note. After reading it carefully he said: "Gentlemen, this is the work of a young Tory maid, who once refused to help Mistress Coyne at Kingston, in the making of shirts for the rebels." He thereupon related to them his conversation with her at Wallingford and the words with which he bade her adieu.

Several of the assembled gentlemen smiled knowingly at each other, but the great general looked serious as he said with tears in his kindly eyes: "Her father's daughter! Young man, I congratulate you on changing the faith of this Tory maid! Would that we might alter her father's views thus. I am cognizant of Lieutenant Crewe, the strong right arm of Lord Howe!"

It was the original, spirited, and handsome Margretta Crewe who went out to meet the returning Captain Breynton and his handful of heroic men six months later.

It was the same Margretta with a changed heart who said to Captain Breynton at their first meeting: "I have sewed ninety-five garments since yours went away, and I am a rebel to my heart's core, sir, a plagued rebel!"

Two years later the illustrious General Washington journeyed forty miles by coach to Kingston to grace the marriage of Miss Margretta Crewe and Captain John Breynton. At the little wedding which followed, toasts were proposed in genuine Colonial style, and General George Washington drank a glass of home-made wine, wishing the bride and groom long life and great joy "in Freedom's name."

A Stroke of Luck

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

JOHN NORTHCOTE paused in his walk, and looked down Regent Street. He had arrived in London the previous day, after a ten years' absence from England, and had so far met none of his former friends or acquaintances. As he was about to resume his walk, a man jostled against him.

"Pardon," the man said hastily, and would have passed, but John, after one quick glance, stayed him.

"Ralph Strange, is it not?" he cried.

"Yes," the man addressed, answered. "And you? Why, you are John Northcote!"

"Exactly." John laughed. "I only arrived in England yesterday. Are you engaged? I am staying at the Langham, and until now I had not come across a soul I knew. Come with me."

Ralph Strange glanced down at his well-worn garments.

"I think not, thank you. I—I am busy. You see, John, times are changed."

"How?"

“Walk along with me and I will explain. I am married. My uncle was incensed because I wedded a dowerless bride, and turned me adrift. That was six years ago, or rather more.”

“Oh! And has Colonel Strange never relented?”

“No—I daresay he never will.”

“And—forgive the question, Ralph—how do you get on?”

“Not very successfully. You see, I was not fitted for any profession nor for business. I was always a bit of a duffer, too. That didn’t matter when I was looked on as my uncle’s heir.”

“I suppose not.”

“And you, John?”

John Northcote laughed.

“Oh, I have come home to take up the position of a landed gentleman. A distant cousin died a year or so ago and left me a small estate in the north of England. I got on not badly in Australia.”

“Are you married?” Ralph asked the question with some hesitation, remembering why John Northcote had left England.

“No.”

“Well, I must be off; and I haven’t asked half the questions—”

“See here, Ralph. Come and dine with me to-morrow evening. I am feeling a bit lonely.”

Ralph consulted a shabby pocket-book.

“I am free to-morrow, luckily,” he said, “and shall be delighted.”

“All right, then.” John mentioned an hour rather early to be fashionable, and yet fifteen minutes previous to the time appointed Ralph Strange was shown into his sitting-room. He was dressed in conventional dinner garments, and looked much better, John remarked, than on the preceding day.

“I am too early, you see,” Ralph said. “I have come to apologize. I can’t dine with you, John, much as I should like to.”

“A previous engagement?”

Ralph’s lip curled.

“No. The house where I am to dine is close at hand, and the people are smart folk, so I have time to explain. You remember that I told you how difficult it was to make a livelihood.” Ralph hesitated. “When one has a wife and children one must do many things,” he went on apologetically; “I am hired out for the evening.”

“Hired out!” John repeated.

“The system wasn’t in vogue, perhaps, in your

time," Ralph said. "I am employed by Richards, a firm that provides guests for emergencies. I have still, perhaps, the looks of a gentleman, and I am a good conversationalist. When any disappointment occurs in a fashionable household, from the absence of an expected guest, Richards and his people are in demand. I have been suddenly ordered to attend a dinner-party this evening." Ralph's tone was bitter.

"Oh, Ralph!"

"Yes, I know how it strikes you." Ralph Strange's laugh was not pleasant. "I felt so myself at times; but I have grown callous. I could not work, nor could I beg. I was desperate when Richards took me in."

In the silence that followed there came a knock at the door, a servant entered and handed Ralph a note. He apologized as he opened it, and John Northcote saw it contained a telegram.

"The telegram came after I left. It is from my uncle. He is dying and wishes to see me," Ralph explained. "My wife followed me with it."

"You will go at once, Ralph?"

"I don't know. The telegram is signed by the doctor. It may not mean that Colonel Strange

has relented, and if I fail to turn up at this dinner-party I lose my place at Richards'."

"Look here, Ralph. Go at once to your uncle—I'll take your place."

"You!"

"Certainly. I can conduct myself properly. What's the address?"

Ralph gave the desired information.

"And now be off. You can catch a train for the north to-night, and if Colonel Strange does not really want you, you can be back in London to-morrow. If he does, I suppose things will be different. Here, Ralph, don't be offended." John Northcote slipped a piece of paper into his friend's hand. "You may need money, and we were chums in youth."

Half an hour later John Northcote was ushered into a drawing-room in which a number of people were already assembled. The hostess rustled forward and gave him a finger-tip.

"You will take Miss Ashley in to dinner," she whispered in a low tone, "and you needn't talk to any one but to her. My aunt wouldn't sit down with thirteen to dinner, and a guest disappointed me. That's why you are here. Your people said you were a good conversationalist,

but I don't want that. Just let Miss Ashley talk. Don't let her know what you are. She's a horrid old gossip."

John Northcote listened meekly to the hasty harangue, and was immediately introduced to Miss Ashley. The company filed in twos into the dining-room; and once they were seated Miss Ashley turned to her partner.

"Is your name Strange?" she questioned. John made a movement which the lady took for assent. "Lady Thornton talks so quickly and indistinctly. Are you any relation to the Norfolk Stranges?"

John truthfully disclaimed any connection with the family in question.

"I thought not," Miss Ashley commented with uncomplimentary candor. "The Norfolk Stranges are very good-looking. Do you know many of the people here to-night? No. Well, the dinner is in honor of Emma Thornton's engagement to Captain Lytle. Her mother's delighted, and has her old aunt here in honor of the occasion. Old Miss Ellicot is an oddity, but then she's immensely wealthy, and money covers a lot of eccentricity. Doesn't it, Mr. Strange?"

Mr. Strange supposed so.

“The wedding’s to take place in July. Lady Thornton won’t have a long engagement. Captain Lytle is said to be very changeable, and ‘there’s many a slip,’ you know.”

“I know the proverb.”

“And it is never more truthful than in connection with marriage.”

John made no answer. His thoughts went backward to the far-off past, to the time when the day fixed for his own wedding was close at hand. Miss Ashley fancied he was listening to her story of a disappointed bride.

“Wasn’t it too awful, Mr. Strange?” Miss Ashley asked, but waited for no reply. “And then poor John Northcote and Hilda Maxwell.”

“What of them?” Miss Ashley’s neighbor asked grimly.

“Well, I never knew the gentleman.”

“No.”

“And I only saw Miss Maxwell a few times. She is Mrs. Wellby’s governess.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, the affair occurred long since; but Mrs. Wellby—she’s a relation of Miss Maxwell’s—only told me of it lately. It seems Mr. Northcote and Miss Maxwell were to be married. The

wedding-day came, but the bride had disappeared." Miss Ashley paused.

"Yes," shortly.

"A servant had noticed Miss Maxwell leaving her aunt's house the previous evening. She was wearing a heavy ulster and a close veil. People were uncharitable enough to say that she never cared for the gentleman to whom she was engaged, and that the engagement had been brought about by the aunt. It was supposed she had left her home rather than marry Mr. Northcote. The gentleman left the country immediately and was never more heard of, unfortunately."

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because Miss Maxwell had merely set out to visit and say good-by to an old servant living near Poplar. Through some mistake she entered a train bound for the west of England. There was an accident. Miss Maxwell was seriously injured, and lay for weeks unconscious and unknown in Exeter."

"Are you certain of this?" Miss Ashley was astonished at her neighbor's interest.

"Mrs. Wellby told me," Miss Ashley replied in a dignified manner. "I am not in the habit of telling untruths, Mr. Strange."

“I didn’t mean to convey that,” John made haste to assure the lady. “Where does Mrs. Wellby live?”

“In Leigh, a little village twenty miles north of London.”

To Leigh John repaired early next morning, and as he spent the day there it is to be presumed Miss Maxwell was ready to pardon him for his doubts of her ten years before. The pair were married quietly a month or so later; and one of the earliest visits paid by the newly-married couple was to Ralph Strange and his wife. Colonel Strange had died reconciled to his nephew, who succeeded to his property.

“What a stroke of luck it was!” Ralph sometimes remarks.

Jack, the Boy from Tempo

(A Droll Ulster Fireside Story.)

BY CAHIR HEALY.

IT was neither yesterday nor the day before that Peter Fada lived in Derrygonnelly. So signs on it, there's nobody there now half so long-headed.

Peter Fada was what you might call an oddity. He had strange ways of doing everything, if it was only blacking his boots once a week. Nothing ordinary for Peter at all. The folks would have voted him a nuisance at once if it wasn't that he was so comfortable and well-to-do. "Money makes the old mare trot," and stops many a clattering mouth. If you want any favor of a man it isn't a good plan to begin by hinting at his faults and weaknesses. Everybody said Peter was a credit to the place. What they thought in their hearts needn't be quoted.

A fine girl Peter had, good-looking and kindly. Even if she hadn't a piece or penny to bless herself with, she would have had no want of admirers. But with her father's wealth to back up her natural

charms, she had all the boys of the parish at her feet.

Now, to tell the truth, Peter was no miser. He had his own fads and fancies (he's a curiosity, the man that has no faults), but meanness was certainly not one of his weaknesses. Above and beyond everything else he respected talent and cleverness. Money did not count with Peter. And so when it came to the question of arranging for his daughter's future, it wasn't for a moneyed man he looked, but for a sensible one. One that, as he expressed it himself, "would have his head square on his shoulders." A level head and a long head and a clever head was what he wanted.

You see, he prided himself greatly upon having made all his own money by cleverness and quickness. He wanted to be assured that when he was laid to his rest his savings and his lands would be safe in other hands. That was why he gave it out that a boy who could satisfy him of his cleverness would get Maura. There were no other restrictions; the poorest would have an equal chance with the richest. That was Peter Fada's way.

When this word went out that the one who could satisfy Peter Fada could have his daughter

and welcome, with the farm and the stock and the money thrown in, all the boys that could count a shilling of coppers correctly set their caps jauntily on the back of their heads. Now was their chance.

To the first that came to try his luck Peter Fada said he would have to boil an egg for him.

“There’s not much in that,” said the boy.

“Maybe there’s more than you think,” he replied, smiling. “I like it soft and I like it hard, and I don’t like it either soft or hard.”

Well, the lad set to at once. He wasn’t told how long the egg was to be boiled or how—that was his own lookout. So, by way of experiment, he boiled the first one soft.

“No good,” said Peter when he opened it, “it’s too soft.”

So far, so good. The boy took care that the next one was harder. He said to himself that he would please the old man even if it took him a year and a day. A good-looking girl and a big fortune aren’t things one would care to throw over one’s shoulder.

He kept the other boiling longer.

“This one is far worse,” said Peter. “It’s too hard.”

"I'll be coming near to it next time," he replied.

He was saying to himself that between the hard and the soft he would soon find a mean to suit Peter Fada.

The next egg was a little less done.

"Too soft, too soft," said Peter.

And the next was boiled the eighth of a minute longer.

"Too hard, too hard," said the old man again.

And although the poor fellow stayed for many a long day and many a short one, too, it was always the selfsame cry—too soft or too hard. Nobody could please him. You might boil two eggs for the same length of time exactly, and when Peter Fada looked at them he would tell you that one was overdone and the other underdone.

It looked as if he had laid down a condition that nobody could fulfil. Many a one tried his skill with Peter. And just as many failed. It became a byword the length and breadth of Ireland. "You are as hard to please as Peter Fada!" And "It's with Peter Fada you ought to be," were what you could hear from one end of the year to the other.

It seemed as if Peter Fada's daughter would be

a good round age before she got married. And maybe it's the same thought was beginning to take shape in Peter's own mind. Yet he was unwilling to vary the terms. A clever son-in-law was what he wanted. One day when everybody had grown tired of hearing about the matter, who came stepping up to the door of Peter Fada only a fine, strapping young fellow—a good-looking boy, with merry, twinkling blue eyes, and as lithe as a willow.

“Who are you,” said the man of the house, “or what's your errand?”

“I'm Jack McLean, from Tempo,” said the lad, back again, “and I come to try for the hand of your daughter.”

The colleen herself was within the porch, and when she overheard that her cheeks went crimson.

“I wish you good luck, Jack McLean from Tempo,” said she to herself. It was the first time she had said the like to any of the suitors.

“Well, the terms are that you are to boil an egg to my satisfaction,” said Peter Fada. “I like it soft, and I like it hard, and I don't like it either soft or hard.”

“That won’t give me much trouble,” Jack replied.

The other smiled

“Wait till it’s done,” he said.

My fine lad got an egg and put it in the red-hot ashes. One end of the egg only he put down in the ashes to roast. The other end was above the ashes, so that when one end was roasted hard, the other half was raw.

He put the egg before Peter Fada.

“If that doesn’t please you I would like to see what will. Hard or soft, it all depends upon the side of the egg you open,” he said. “The white side is nearly raw, the other is roasted hard.”

“You’re the cleverest boy of the lot,” Peter replied.

“I’m glad you think so,” Jack replied.

“Only you must stay with me here until such times as you get the better of me in something. When that comes you can marry my daughter any day you please.”

“Well and good,” said Jack. “I’m quite satisfied with that.”

Next morning, when he got out of bed, he was told all he had to do for the day. A day’s work it was in earnest—more like a week’s work. At

breakfast time he was called in, but what they set before him would not take the edge off his hunger.

Jack said in his own mind that Peter Fada was going to have the better of him, after all. He was going to starve him. He put his head in his hands for a good while, and began to think it over. He knew he would have to adopt some plan or other. Little use in wailing over it.

“How do you like the place?” asked Peter Fada sarcastically, coming in.

“Purty well,” said Jack, not making any remark about the breakfast.

“I’m glad you like it,” he answered, with his tongue in his cheek.

“Only,” said Jack again, “if it would be all the same to you, and in order to save time, I would like to take my dinner now.”

“Oh, sartinly,” he replied. “It’ll suit us every bit as well.”

Troth, he was laughing in his sleeve at the discomfiture of my poor Jack eating two meals at the same time. So they fetched him in his dinner. Jack laid to, and it wasn’t long till the dinner had gone the same way as the breakfast. It was an

easy matter getting rid of the same food. A man could eat five of them.

“Well, are you satisfied now?” said the other.

“Quite satisfied,” Jack replied. “Nobody could be otherwise. Only,” said he, again, “if it would not be a great inconvenience to you, I might as well take my supper now, too.”

“No inconvenience at all,” and the other smiled at the fun he hoped to have with Jack by-and-by, when he began to feel hungry and had nothing to eat.

So they fetched him in his supper. Jack “laid into” it at once, and it took him a precious short time to put it out of the way, for if the breakfast was small, and the dinner smaller, the supper was the smallest of the three.

“Well,” said Peter Fada, when he saw the end of the supper, “I hope you’re well satisfied now?”

“I couldn’t be bettther,” said Jack. “Troth, one might travel far till they would meet with such a good house for food.”

“I’m delighted to hear it.” He well knew that Jack meant the very opposite.

“And now to the day’s work,” said Jack, again. “What’s to be done here after supper?”

“After supper,” the old fellow replied, going over the items of the day’s work, “we go to bed.”

“Nothing else to be done?”

“Nothing,” said he.

“Then,” said Jack, “as I have just eaten my supper, I think I’ll follow the usual course, and go to bed, too.”

“What,” said Peter, opening his eyes very wide, “would you go off to bed at this hour in the morning?”

“I wouldn’t for a fortune break the rules of the house,” Jack replied, laughing.

Peter Fada saw through the other’s scheme in an instant. First it displeased him, then it gave him pleasure. For this was just the very boy he was wanting for a son-in-law—a clever, long-headed fellow.

“You’re the smartest chap I ever came across,” he said, “and you can marry my daughter any time you choose.”

“Thank you kindly,” said Jack, “and I hope we’ll get on well together.”

So the colleen got her wish, and Peter Fada got his, and Jack, the boy from Tempo, won the prettiest wife in all the parish. And if they

weren't as happy as the day is long for the rest of their lives—well, if they weren't, you are welcome to put the blame on me.

Through a Specialist

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

“WHO is he?” Charlie Blake indicated by a nod, the figure entering a cab some few yards off.

“That’s Martin Carew. You’ve probably heard of him,” Dick Nolan answered.

“Can’t say I have,” Charlie replied.

“That’s a wonder. Every one did some years ago.”

“I was grilling in India at that vague period, perhaps,” Charlie responded.

“Oh, well. Come along to the club and I’ll spin you the yarn,” Nolan said. “And we can lunch.”

The two young men wended their way to a fashionable club, and once settled comfortably, Blake inquired:

“What did Carew do?”

“Do! He didn’t get married,” Dick Nolan laughed.

“Oh!”

“Carew had a wealthy relative who was his great-uncle or great-grandfather or something—

the relationship does not matter. This person had also a female relative through the distaff side, a Miss Daly. Old Carew was eccentric as well as wealthy. He left Mount Carew to Martin Carew and Miss Daly in case they got married within a specified date. If they did not, his entire property went to a distant cousin named Arthur Carew. Naturally enough, perhaps, Martin and the girl developed a perfect hatred of each other, and refused to fulfil the conditions of the will, so Arthur Carew inherited."

"That isn't extraordinary. One reads of it every day in novels," Blake said.

"No; but Arthur Carew and his son were drowned within the year, and Mount Carew went to Martin as next-of-kin. He was genuinely distressed, and tried all possible arts and devices to induce Norah Daly to take the entire property. She's a very obstinate and independent young woman, and refused; and since has been earning her own living in some way. She should find doing so strange, I take it, as she had been mistress of Mount Carew from her childhood. The eccentric old chap was very fond of her."

Charlie Blake removed his cigar.

"Has young Carew married?"

"No. There was no reason, except perversity, why he and Miss Daly shouldn't have obliged their dead relative. Both were young, good-looking, and, report says, heart-whole. Carew has altered a good deal since then. He was in the Boer war, and since his return from Africa has never been the same. He's going to see a specialist."

"Is he ill?"

"I suppose so. He made light of the matter, and only interviews the medical man to satisfy the pleadings of an aunt."

"Oh, well, let's hope he'll get a good report from the physician. I say, Nolan, where are you going next month? Come down to Clare for the shooting?"

While the two friends lunched and discussed sporting affairs, Martin Carew was undergoing the very disagreeable process of medical examination at the hands of a noted specialist. The great man sounded, and pommeled, and questioned, and finally desisted from his labors. He sat down on a straight-backed oaken chair, and looked at Martin with a strangely pitying gaze.

"Well, Dr. Hammond?" Martin said inquiringly.

"I always speak the truth to my patients," Dr. Hammond said. "My young friend, I am sorry to say you have not long to live," and then the specialist went into details. "You may live a month, certainly not three; and you may be cut off at any moment."

Martin quailed at the sentence.

"You are certain, doctor?"

"Absolutely."

Martin paid the requisite fee, and passed through waiting-room and hall to the outer air. He noted unconsciously that no other patients were in waiting, and that the servant in the hall looked at him curiously as he passed, and moved as if to speak. Martin hailed a passing cab from the doorstep, and, entering it, gave an address. When it was reached the young man had recovered his usual appearance and manner; and the lady into whose drawing-room he was shown saw nothing amiss with either.

"Martin! You in town!" Mrs. Luttrell said, extending a white, plump hand. "What has brought you?"

"Oh, several things," Martin answered evasively. "Can you give me Miss Daly's address?"

"Norah's?"

"Yes. Why not? She hates me, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps not. Yes, I can give you her address. As it chances she is in town."

"Indeed!"

"The old lady she is companion to had to see about some troublesome business affairs and consequently rented a house. Here is Mrs. Burke's address."

"Thanks." Martin pocketed the slip of paper, and after a short interval, made his adieux. Fifteen minutes later a servant informed him that her mistress was out.

"It is Miss Daly I wish to see," Martin explained, and was conducted to the room where Norah Daly sat auditing a number of accounts. She started to her feet as the servant closed the door on her visitor; and he noticed that the years had changed the blue-eyed, fair-faced girl into a grave and beautiful woman.

"Oh, Mr. Carew! This is a surprise!" she exclaimed, and held out her hand.

"I suppose so," Martin smiled a little. "It is even a little surprise to myself. Mrs. Luttrell gave me your address."

"Yes?" interrogatively.

"Are we likely to be interrupted?"

"No," hesitatingly, "Mrs. Burke is with her lawyer." Norah resumed her seat, and Martin took a chair near her.

"Because," he spoke in matter-of-fact tones, "I have rather an important statement to make. You know I always considered Mount Carew as yours."

"Oh, don't, please! You should understand that I could not, will not accept it or anything. I thought I had made that clear to you."

"Oh, yes, you did." Martin's voice grew unconsciously a little bitter. "But things have changed."

Norah shook her head.

"Oh, yes, they have; and you must look at the affair from a matter-of-fact point of view. It was only by accident I inherited the property; the servants, the tenants, all remember and love you. I have no relatives, and I am dying. You must accept the bequest I shall make to-day. Promise me that you will, Norah?"

The blue eyes dilated till they became black.

"Dying!" the girl gasped.

"Yes. I haven't been very fit lately, and to-day I saw Dr. Hammond. I may live a month. My dear, don't look so distressed. Norah,

Norah, why could you not have cared for me?"

"Cared for you! Oh!" the girl moaned.

"When I loved you so!" Martin went on. "But we will not speak of that. Will you do what I wish, Norah?"

"But I did care for you—always—always," Norah cried, "but I thought it was Mount Carew you wanted, and then I was hateful. Oh, yes, yes! Oh, Martin, Martin! It can't be so, it can't be so! You don't look so ill. It is some mistake."

"How I wish it was—now!" Martin sighed. "But you promise to take the place, Norah?"

A faint blush crept into the girl's face. "If you marry me!" she said boldly. "If—"

"Mrs. Luttrell," the servant announced from the door.

"You here!" Mrs. Luttrell exclaimed, addressing Martin. "I came to tell Norah I had given her address to you. Why, what is amiss?" The question was regretted as soon as asked.

No one answered the inquiry, and Mrs. Luttrell went on to atone for her maladroit question by saying:

"I heard astonishing news on my way. Poor

Dr. Hammond—a great medical specialist—is insane, quite mad.”

“Mad!” Martin said.

“Yes. Informs every person that he or she is about to die. He stopped the lady who told me yesterday in the street to announce her speedy demise. Norah, what ails you? What are you laughing and crying for?”

Norah made no reply, but Martin moved to her side. His voice was unsteady as he answered the question.

“Perhaps because she has promised to marry me.”

“At last!” Mrs. Luttrell kissed Norah. “I’m away. That’s all right.”

“Yes, and all through poor Dr. Hammond,” Norah said solemnly, a little later.

Miss Weeks

BY M. C. MARTIN.

FOUR o'clock was striking on a summer's afternoon, as Miss Weeks came out of her school-room. After a final glance through glasses dim with the heat, Miss Weeks was satisfied that all was as she desired within the four walls of her domain, and closed and locked the door. The afternoon sun was shining full upon her as she stood with her sharp-featured face uplifted to the breeze coming across the village from the long range of low, round-topped hills on the horizon. She was an insignificant figure in the landscape; small and thin, with the hall-marks of spinsterhood written large upon her, from the top of her sleek, nondescript-colored hair, to the point of a loose, shapeless slipper appearing under her cotton skirt.

If any one had taken the trouble to discover it, there was a kindliness in the short-sighted brown eyes, when they were not occupied in awing into order her three and thirty unruly

scholars, and a staunch reliable look in their steady gaze that promised much in a friend's need. But no one ever had taken the trouble to notice these things since Miss Weeks came to Franklinburg eighteen years to a day on this day of grace in January, 18—.

She was twenty-two then, a small, pale-faced girl who looked as though she had never been young, with an unmistakable air of independence, an aloofness that prevented the more genial-hearted of the village-folk from fraternizing with her. She had brought with her to this remote hamlet in Cape Colony an invalid elder sister, and these two had been sufficient for each other until Amelia died. Elizabeth was thirty then. The village people had been as kind to the sister as they were permitted to be, and when Elizabeth was left alone Mrs. Meyer, the grocer's wife, begged her to share her home. But Elizabeth clung to the three-roomed house adjoining the school, a building so modest in dimensions that the village wag named it "The Matchbox."

There was a diminutive sitting-room, which was also used as dining and living room; there was an equally diminutive bedroom and a kitchen,

so small that it required the experience of eighteen years for Miss Weeks to turn round safely in it; any one else would have injured herself or brought utter ruin on the ingenious arrangement of its scanty furniture.

In this house Miss Weeks had lived alone for ten years, going out now and then among the people, especially searching out the few Catholics, whom she visited with the regularity of a parish priest. When it could be achieved, she gathered them together on Sunday for the recital of the Rosary, and she read the Epistle and Gospel for the day in a voice that had not quite lost its refinement and sweetness.

She went away sometimes during the vacation, and some imaginative ones said she went to Cape Town, where she rode in a black carriage with gray horses. But that was a saying too wild for sane belief. The idea of Miss Weeks swallowed up in the wilderness of a cushioned four-wheeled carriage was too much for the credence of the sensible people of Franklinburg.

But when any venturesome spirit attempted to penetrate the mystery of Miss Weeks' abode and occupation during her absence, the inquiry was met with the precise and perfectly polite

intimation that the doings of one so very insignificant as herself were not worth chronicling. Yet she said it with the air rather of one whose actions it was impertinence to scrutinize. For there was always a suggestion of condescension in Miss Weeks' manner to the people of Franklinburg. She was English, thoroughly English, she would affirm, with a little superior air, quite unconsciously assumed. To be English, with her, was next best to being a Catholic.

Despite the fact that the best years of her life were spent in a place where a priest's visit was an annual event, or sometimes rarer, Miss Weeks was as rigid a Catholic at forty as she had been at twenty-two. One of the few joys of her life was holding controversies with the Reverend Mr. Olivier, the Dutch Reformed clergyman, and vanquishing him in her own perfectly polite way.

There were only three Catholic families in Franklinburg, and one of these lived a mile and a half from the school-house. Nevertheless, twice a week, Miss Weeks tramped that mile and a half on foot through loose sand across the veldt to teach Catechism to the five children of Mrs. Stone, and to Mrs. Stone's credit, be it told

she often sent the catechist home in a cart well-laden with the produce of her farm.

When a priest did come he found some children prepared for the sacraments. The day of his reverence's arrival was a great day for Miss Weeks. The school-room was fitted up as a chapel, and most of the three and thirty were sent in various directions for flowers to decorate the temporary altar whereon the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered. Miss Weeks received the priest in her diminutive sitting-room with a quaint mixture of dignity, reverence, and condescension. "The golden largess of his praise" was honey to her and repaid her for many a weary task. Her delight was on the increase from the moment he came, hot and dusty and travel-stained, to the "Matchbox" door (for his first visit must be there before he went to the house where he usually stayed during his visits), to the moment when her pupils, with shiny, awe-struck faces, answered their Catechism so as to give credit to their teacher, and on to the time when she herself answered the priest's Mass in very correct Latin. But it reached its climax when the priest sat down to a breakfast, prepared by her own hands, in the tiny sitting-room.

If, during the breakfast, his reverence gave her (as he invariably did, after discovering her relish for it), a sketch of the political horizon, Miss Weeks' cup of bliss was full.

Life had passed with her after this fashion for eighteen years. She had never known a day's illness, nor had her school ever missed her presence. Generations of boys and girls had passed through her hands. She had no rival, for her school had Government support and its teacher had the confidence of the people, though she was of the dreaded Roman Catholic religion. Big turbulent boys of fourteen and fifteen were in awe of her, and it was to Miss Weeks that helpless mothers brought their obstreperous offspring when they grew beyond control at home. Yet her sway was not one of harshness. Her one pet vanity was that she was just the height of Queen Victoria, and she secretly prided herself on possessing somewhat, at least, of her late Majesty's dignity and majesty of mien. Certainly when she got one of the boisterous ones before her and made the delinquent be seated so that she could look down through her glasses with the steady firmness of gaze peculiar to her, there was no doubt that the wrong-doer looked abashed, and

took, in a silence that might have meant almost anything, Miss Weeks' harangue delivered in quiet, even tones, briefly and to the point.

Perhaps it was that to these country-bred children Miss Weeks, with her English accent, her precise manners and her (to them) strange religion, seemed a being of another world. To them she was the living proof of England's greatness—the latter a point never missed in any lesson into which it could be dragged.

Fritz Friedrichs, Mrs. Stone's nephew, was the only boy who attempted to laugh when she scolded him. But then Fritz was notably a daring spirit. If there were any mischief brewing, he was sure to be in it. Was it not he who took the Reverend Mr. Olivier's horse, growing fat and lazy in the minister's field, and rode him at a mad gallop to Basson's Vlei and back?—a crime so great that the other boys watched him set off with a mixture of fear and admiration, and hung about till he came back hot but triumphant, just in time to escape the minister's man Jan, who had been searching all over the village for the missing steed, which was wanted to drive the minister and his wife—an unusual occurrence, for the Reverend Mr. Olivier was not a very constant visitor to his

parishioners, being old and scant of breath. Was it not Fritz who tied his bag of marbles to the long pig-tail of Sophie du Toit, and so securely that some of her fair locks had to be shorn before the bag could be detached? And Fritz, without a doubt it was who pounded fat Peter van Wyk into the semblance of a jelly and sent him home to a fond maternal parent somewhat dishevelled as a punishment for calling Miss Weeks names.

Fritz was an orphan, and lived with his aunt Mrs. Stone. His father had left enough to educate the boy and pay for his support in the modest mode of living followed at Franklinburg. He had been sent to school regularly and he was the show pupil of the school, having passed from the First to the Seventh Standard with a brilliant record.

Miss Weeks was giving him elementary lessons in Latin and Algebra and Geometry. For, in a burst of boyish confidence, he had told her he wanted to be a priest, and Miss Weeks' interest in him took on a motherly aspect from thenceforth. It did not seem incongruous to her that a boy should be the wildest in the neighborhood, yet should aspire to so

great a dignity. She deplored his escapades, of course, but because there was never a trace of meanness or dishonesty or untruth in him or his doings, she condoned a great deal. She had always been fond of the handsome, fair-haired lad, from the day he came, shy and unhappy, for his first experience in school-life after five years of undisciplined farm-life. That had been his only unhappy day, for with childish instinct Fritz felt that Miss Weeks was both proud of him and fond of him. He disregarded both pride and affection outwardly with boyish contempt for display, but his gratitude was shown in true boyish fashion, on more than one occasion, as several of the village boys could testify and some of the village matrons corroborate with ruined garments and bruised bones as witnesses. In his presence it was not safe to vent irate feelings or disrespectful language about Teacher.

Expressions of opinions about Fritz were abundant and choice in Franklinburg. If a mother missed her son toward evening "It's Fritz Friedrichs again!" she would say; "and I've told Johnnie never so much as speak with him. Wait till I catch them both." But she never did catch Fritz. Johnnie got his share when he put in an

appearance. Miss Weeks, who, it was well known, was the only person Fritz regarded with anything approaching awe, was duly informed of every fresh misdemeanor; and after each they would have a talk. It was not a monologue of Miss Weeks' as was the case with other culprits. Fritz did not "talk back," but he "talked up"—a distinction with a difference. He owned honestly to his share in the wrong-doing, but he never "peached" on his fellow-sinners. After Fritz's admission about his future Miss Weeks had a stronger hold on him.

It was about Fritz that Miss Weeks was thinking on this summer afternoon, as she stood on the steps of the school-house.

He had been through an unusually serious escapade. Some three days before, at the head of a party of six boys, he had gone to Matsys Kopje, a distance of about two miles outside the village, a favorite haunt of the boys, but a forbidden one. Added to the breach of all discipline that the going there entailed, was the further horrible consequence of what was likely to prove a fatal accident. Little Frank Liesching had begged to be allowed to join the daring adventurers, and had succeeded in losing himself in a donga. In his

search for Frank, owing to the increasing darkness Fritz had fallen down a krantz and lay stunned and chilled through for three hours before the search party from the village, consisting of irate but merciful fathers, came to carry him on a stretcher to Mrs. Stone's. Frank Liesching was unhurt, but Fritz was still insensible when the men picked him up. The heavy dew of the summer night had soaked into his clothes. A fever that seemed likely to prove fatal followed, and little Miss Weeks had queer emotions pulling at her heart strings during those days. She had heard of Fritz's bravery in saving Frank. Every one of the five boys who were sharers in the event gave his own version of it, so Miss Weeks had the details off to a nicety.

This was the third day since the accident, and already Miss Weeks had tramped across the veldt to Mrs. Stone's twice to hear and see her favorite. Mrs. Stone had a large family of her own, and looked upon Fritz's illness as the outcome of his innate wickedness. She had little love for the boy, and no quarter was given him when the village folk complained of him. But, not being utterly callous, she was giving him such attention as could be spared from her own

numerous brood. But he was plainly a burden on her hands. Miss Weeks saw that during her visits. As she stood beside the bed of the unconscious boy, and cooled his fevered temples with the eau de Cologne she had brought with her, all the latent motherliness in her rose up like a strong tide flowing in on a placid river. She had scarcely realized how dear the boy had grown until now. There had been so few strong emotions in her life that the strength of this carried her out of herself. The precise, even, undisturbed, lady-like manner was gone; she was tremulous, anxious, and moved to tears. Two sleepless nights had followed her visits to Fritz. She wrote to the priest at once, and herself sent for a doctor from Cape Town. There was none in Franklinburg. "He must not die. Dear God, he must not die," she said over and over, with despairing iteration.

All the plans for the future—the near future too, for Fritz was fifteen now—passed before her excited imagination. What good might he not do as a priest, this boy who was already a leader among his kind, and had such a strange power of fascinating his companions so that they followed at his beck—even the unruliest

of them. True, he had done wrong often, but it was always boyish wrong, so Miss Weeks concluded. There had never been a mean action in the scroll of his misdeeds. He was wild, but he was honest to a fault, generous, and forgiving. He had a great future before him, thought Miss Weeks, as she opened the "Match-box" door and entered her tiny sitting-room. She was too tired to eat, and too worried to think of anything but Fritz, so the little kerosene stove remained unlighted, while Miss Weeks sat wearily in the little old chair that had belonged to Amelia. He had a great future before him, this pupil of hers. A priest, possibly, who knows? a bishop! So much good done for souls—so much honor gained for the Church! Already her disturbed imagination and fond fancy saw him in biretta and soutane—noble-looking, eloquent, winning—endowed with every gift his position required, whether of mind or manner. And then the fatal possibility looming on the horizon would come with bitterer certainty and crueller force.

The doctor was to arrive by the evening train from Cape Town, and Miss Weeks had made arrangements to accompany him to Mr. Stone's

farm. So she roused herself at length to make preparations to be absent from her little house for the whole of the coming night.

It was a very anxious, and indeed to the smart young doctor from the city, a somewhat ludicrous small face that greeted him on his arrival at Franklinburg. However, he was a young man of tact—not so young either, for Miss Weeks disliked young men—and he looked grave enough to please her fastidious taste.

Together they drove to Stone's. They did not speak much on the way. Miss Weeks had her rosary in her nervous fingers and was noiselessly praying. The doctor, who did not quite fathom her anxiety for a boy who, by her own showing, was a troublesome young scamp, and moreover no relation whatever, was wondering vaguely at the specimen of womankind beside him. To him she appeared a tiny little old maid, English to an intense degree, a trifle less fussy than most of her kind—but not less of an oddity. He could not understand—how could he, being a mere man?—how the hopes of the little woman's life had grown round the boy whom he had been called to attend. He was well versed in the troubles of human bodies, but of

the ways of human souls he knew little and cared less. But he was determined to do his best for the boy, being wise enough to know that this call might lead to others as lucrative.

Arrived at their destination they found Mrs. Stone in a state bordering on frenzy. Fritz had been delirious all day, and had needed constant attendance. Mr. Stone was a helpless, shiftless kind of man, and the farm was practically run by his wife, so that owing to her absence, the whole household was in a state of chaos. Fritz had been removed to a small building somewhat apart from the dwelling-house. It was a cheerless, comfortless apartment in which Miss Weeks found him. She watched anxiously while the doctor was forming his verdict.

"Fever," he said, though a child could have told that. "Danger?" in answer to the women's query. "Well—yes, a critical stage just now. He will need to be watched all night to-night."

"I shall stay," said Miss Weeks in her firm tones.

The doctor looked down at the quaint little woman. He gave her sundry directions, to

which she listened with strained attention. Mrs. Stone looked relieved. It would be such a boon to have Fritz off her hands for the night. She was fond of the boy, after a fashion, but plainly this last escapade had worn out her patience with him. Fritz was muttering in his delirium, and Miss Weeks caught her name. She put her cool soft hands on his forehead and the expression of her face transformed her for the moment into something akin to loveliness. Afterwards she turned again to the doctor.

“He’s young and his constitution is good,” returned the doctor, evasively. With the utter absence of comfort and even ordinary requirements that he saw, coupled with the distance from a town where these things could be obtained, the doctor foresaw danger ahead. He himself would have to leave Franklinburg the following day. But he felt a strong desire to do his best, being strangely stirred by the little woman’s earnestness. She was not fussy nor tiresome, and she was not talkative; all these qualifications recommended her to the doctor’s favor, for he had a horror of talkative women, which long acquaintance with them had not lessened.

So he did what could be done to make the boy

comfortable for the night, and after some final instructions to Miss Weeks, he took his departure to the village.

Through the long night watch, with bated breath and anxious heart, Miss Weeks sat beside the boy's bedside. It seemed even to her inexperienced eyes that he grew worse as the night advanced. She had sent to Cape Town for ice, and it had not yet arrived, but how she longed for it to cool his burning temples. He talked almost constantly; now it was of Frank Liesching and the search at Matsys Kopje, again it was of herself. He was defending her against the bully of the school, Johnnie du Toit. He went through the fight with an imaginary opponent, and Miss Weeks had to use her authoritative voice to keep him quiet. Her tones penetrated directly to his consciousness and for a time he was quiet. But soon he was arguing a point of doctrine with the Reverend Mr. Olivier's youngest son, and much as Miss Weeks desired to keep him still, yet she took a keen pride in listening to his clear statements. "What a preacher he will be!" she said fondly, though there were none to hear: and being alone, she stooped and gently kissed the boy's forehead. "But oh!

dear God, he must not die!" she cried in her heart.

And so the long night wore to dawn, and Miss Weeks, worn and heavy-eyed, but with the indomitable will shining out of her eyes, and showing in her set lips, met the doctor when he came early in the morning. He looked graver after he examined the patient than he had done on the previous night.

"Worse," he said, "I'm sorry to say it, but you had better know the truth."

He saw there was little affection for the lad in the Stone household, but he did not guess the crushing blow his words were to Miss Weeks.

"You think he will—die?" she asked in a voice that strove to be firm, but which slipped into tremulousness. The doctor looked down at her, and saw how moved she was.

"The boy is no relation of yours, Miss Weeks?" he asked.

"None—no, none whatever. But he has grown up under me. I keep a school. Perhaps you know? I—the boy is very dear to me. He is so manly and—oh, doctor, can you not save him? Do not mind the expense; I can defray all. I have saved all these years. I

meant it all for Fritz some day. You will save him?"

"If it is in human skill to save him I will. But the harm was done before I came. And then, as you see, there is not even ordinary comfort in the place, not to speak of what a fever patient wants."

"I will see to that," said Miss Weeks, eagerly. "To-day you shall see the change. Could you not stay a day—or two? Think what it means, doctor! Life, if you stay, and, if you go, Death! And the boy—I have such hopes of him."

The doctor looked at the little tremulous face charged with interest and feeling, and once again wondered.

"I will stay until the crisis is past," he said, more moved than he cared to admit, even to himself.

"God reward you," said Miss Weeks solemnly, and with a little sigh her head dropped against the back of her chair, and the doctor saw she had quietly fainted. The strain of the past three days had told on her vigorous frame, and all through the previous day and night she had tasted no food; this, coupled with her sleepless watching, had prostrated her.

When she recovered, her first question was for Fritz. The doctor and Mrs. Stone were standing beside her, and she sat up with a pathetic assumption of her most alert manner.

“Keep quiet, Miss Weeks, do. Don’t you know you fainted? It’s my opinion that scapegrace Fritz will be the death of you yet. But there: you always was fond of the boy, from the time he was a little chap in petticoats.” Thus Mrs. Stone, voluble and inclined to patronize the small schoolmistress since her weakness was discovered. “Fritz? Oh, he’s much the same. Fever awful high yet. He’s off his head worse than yesterday. Doesn’t know his own auntie. But he’ll get through, don’t you fret. It’s the bad pennies that turn up.”

Miss Weeks rose, her indignation giving her strength. “You do not understand the boy,” she said with dignity. “You never did, and you never will. But—if—he lives, you will be proud of him yet.”

“I hope so, I’m sure, Miss Weeks,” returned Mrs. Stone in the tone of one who disagreed, but did not dare to say so. For she knew when to avoid bringing Miss Weeks’ perfect English about her ears.

She was not ill-disposed at heart, but the cares of life and the daily struggle for existence had crushed out her compassion for any one beyond her offspring. Miss Weeks thought her narrow and hard-hearted, and in her charitable way put it down to the fact that she had to act the man as well as the woman in her household.

The day wore on, and Fritz's condition did not improve. Miss Weeks' scholars had royal times. For when did children ever realize the threatening shadow of death, even when it fell upon one of themselves?

That day, amidst many other achievements, Miss Weeks did an unusual thing. She made her will. In it she bequeathed the bulk (not very great) of her worldly possessions to Fritz Friedrichs, reserving only sufficient for Masses for her sister and herself. The Cape Town doctor witnessed the document, and Mrs. Stone was another witness.

The doctor had grave doubts as to whether Fritz would live to claim his inheritance, but like the rest of Miss Weeks' small world, he fell under her authority without quite understanding how or why. Mrs. Stone was gratified and would

have expressed herself volubly had not Miss Weeks quenched her—no mean feat.

Having accomplished her day's designs to her entire satisfaction, Miss Weeks was further relieved by the arrival of the priest for whom she had sent, and who had come as quickly as he could, from where he was stationed. He could do nothing for Fritz, of course, for the lad was still quite delirious, but it comforted Miss Weeks to learn he had come to stay three days. In him she felt she had a friend who understood. With the insight and tact that were the result of years of service in the ministry, coupled with a genial sympathetic nature, "The Father," as he was called, saw beyond the peculiarities of manner to the true nobility of the heart of this little woman. He knew the work she had done during all the past years in Franklinburg, and he valued it. Without her aid how many a soul would have drifted away through neglect. How many were the little ones carefully instructed in their religion, where without Miss Weeks they would have grown up in stark ignorance. It was not without good reason Miss Weeks felt that he understood her.

On the second day after his arrival Miss Weeks

spoke to him of the future of Fritz. With the precision characteristic of her she settled that Fritz was to go for a change of air when convalescent, and when quite recovered, he was to go at once to Rome to commence his studies for the priesthood. The priest smiled as he listened, and the smile was a sad one. The little woman seemed so sure that Fritz would recover; sure, in spite of the doctor's opinion to the contrary; sure, in face of the daily proof of his opinion. She read his face and knew his thought.

"He will not die," she said in answer to it, "I feel he will not die. Last night I offered my life for his, and without knowing quite why, I feel God has accepted it."

She spoke quite calmly, and the priest looked at her, somewhat startled by her statement.

"It was not wrong?" she said with touching humility.

"Not wrong—no, surely not wrong."

"Eccentric, you think, Father? Perhaps so. But just consider how very terrible a thing it would be to have that bright young life untimely ended. After all, my work is done. Fritz's work is all before him. And what a work! So much done for God, for souls. He is a clever lad, too,

and he will be an ornament to the Church. It was a poor exchange I offered, but I believe it was accepted. I shall not live long."

The priest was a man of few words. "God grant the lad may prove worthy of your sacrifice," he said.

The days that followed bore out Miss Weeks' confidence, for Fritz passed the crisis and slowly but surely regained health. The priest and doctor both left Franklinburg and Miss Weeks resumed school. But her former vigor was gone. The people said she had overworked herself attending that thankless Fritz Friedrichs. They had put her care of him down to eccentricity, and no one had wondered at it. But now they were inclined to grumble because Miss Weeks was plainly losing her ground as an awe-inspiring member of the community, and the children brought home stories of strange misrule where perfect order had reigned.

One afternoon when school was dismissed Miss Weeks dragged her little weary body, now almost constantly in pain, to the "Matchbox" door, to find Fritz Friedrichs waiting for her. The greeting was characteristic of both—Fritz boyishly exuberant and demonstrative; for him,

that is, for he was not so usually; Miss Weeks in a tremor of delight at the sight of him, but with that outward firmness of eye and voice that rarely deserted her when she chose to summon it.

Fritz noticed her illness, as he could not help doing, for it had changed her so much. In his boyish way he was sympathetic, but words did not come easily to him, as is the way sometimes with those that feel deeply.

"I've never seen you ill before, Miss Weeks," he said; "you'll soon be all right again, won't you? I believe it was nursing me that upset you. Aunt told me. I can never repay your goodness."

But Miss Weeks would not let him talk of that. It was, she felt, their last meeting. The shadow of death had fallen upon her and it was sheer force of will that kept her on her feet. So she took him into the small sitting-room and put him into a seat opposite to her while she talked of his future. With a strange gentleness and sweetness she put before him the high hopes that were in her heart for him. And Fritz, moved by her earnestness, unfolded again his own ambition. It did not seem incongruous

to the lad that when he rose to say good-by, Miss Weeks should draw down his face to hers and touch his forehead with lips that trembled.

"If I am ever a priest, my first Mass shall be for you," he said. Miss Weeks did not answer. Her heart was too full. His first Mass! Perhaps God would let her see it from where she should be then.

"Pray for me always," she said as he turned from the door.

"Always," he said, and lifting his cap, he passed down the street and out of sight.

* * * * *

The priest and the doctor stood together beside the bed whereon lay the form of Miss Weeks, dignified now in the mysterious majesty of death. Her face was calm, almost beautiful in its sweetness and peace. The hands that had done so many kindly deeds were folded over a crucifix. Some friendly neighbor had put white flowers there too. Both men had been with her at the last and they stayed to give her their last service.

The doctor spoke, "If that little woman's heart had been in a beautiful woman's body,

what a stir she would have made in the world."

And the priest, after a moment's silence, said, "As she is, it is not improbable she has made a stir in a better place."

An Alibi

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

“CATHOLIC church!” Mrs. Nesbitt, the landlady of the one hotel of Newtown ejaculated, with an undertone of triumph in her voice, “There is not a Catholic church in Newtown!”

“Oh!” Margaret Blake said in dismay, “and this is the feast of All Saints!”

“Indeed!” Mrs. Nesbitt’s manner lost some of its deference. “I suppose you mean to-day is a holiday with Papists.” Very probably the landlady would have used another word had Miss Blake’s attire been more costly. As it was she had valued her visitor’s navy blue costume and plain straw hat at only a trifle below their original cost.

“Yes,” Miss Blake said quietly, “to-day is a holiday with Catholics.”

“There isn’t a Catholic in Newtown, except a few laborers and servants,” Mrs. Nesbitt remarked with a hard laugh, “so a church isn’t needed. What will you have for dinner, miss?

You'll get no train back to Belfast till four o'clock."

"I know," Miss Blake answered, and proceeded to order a not luxurious dinner.

"O dear!" she said wearily, when the landlady had retired. "What a dreadful woman! And what provoking railway arrangements! Only one train daily from Belfast and that in the early morning, so that I must perforce wait five hours for my interview with Miss Bloomfield. And nothing may come of it."

When Margaret Blake was compelled, twenty years previously, to set about earning her own livelihood she was by no means well-fitted for the task. Her education had not been thorough, so that her efforts to obtain a situation as governess had not been very successful. Two or three matrons had engaged her at different periods to instruct their offspring; but as a teacher Margaret was certainly a failure. Other careers she had tried and with the same result. Finally she became a sort of nurse and companion to a certain wealthy English lady of keen insight and hasty temper, and for ten years the two women got along not badly. A few months previously Miss Welland died suddenly. She

had made no will, and a crowd of relatives, long held at arm's length, swooped down on Welland Hall. Margaret was summarily discharged. All her efforts to find new employment had been unavailing. An advertisement in an Ulster paper had induced her to enter into correspondence with a certain Miss Bloomfield, who wished to find a suitable elderly person to attend to a weak-minded niece. The lady desired a personal interview, and Margaret had journeyed, glad at heart for the sight of her own land, to Newtown.

She was staring gloomily at a loudly-colored print of King William crossing the Boyne river when a bright-eyed, very dirty-looking girl entered the room without any undue ceremony. She closed the door cautiously behind her.

"The mistress is outside talking to a neighbor," the girl said rapidly, "and I slipped in. I heard part of the *talk* about you. Sure, if you want to go to Mass—I wish I could get!—you have only to go along the road there till you come to Earls court Lodge, and turn in and go up to the big house. Mr. Bellew is a Catholic, thank God! Every one's free to go to Mass in

the Castle chapel. That's as true as my name is Biddy Malone."

"Oh, thank you, Biddy," Miss Blake said gratefully. "Is it far to Earls court?"

"Far! No, then; not more than two or three miles or so. You'll get there time enough if you hurry. Mass is at eleven o'clock and it is just after nine."

Miss Blake hesitated. She was tired already. She had passed a sleepless night, and started on her journey fortified only by a frugal breakfast of bread and tea. Biddy noted the hesitation.

"Sure you'll be better in the open air than sitting here. And 'tis a fine, dry day and you'll have a good road under your foot the whole way," Biddy said, "and you'd get sick looking at Billy, the old orange heathen." The girl pointed a blackened forefinger at the Dutchman.

With such encouragement Miss Blake set forth. Biddy accompanied her to the door, and, in spite of her mistress's hasty descent on her, gave voluble directions as to the path Miss Blake was to take. Her rate of progression was probably much less than Biddy's would have been. When, hot and wearied, she reached Earls court,

she found the priest reciting the *Credo*. Only a few persons were present at Mass, and Miss Blake made her way quietly to a seat. Suddenly the altar and priest seemed to reel before her sight, and she sank down unconscious.

When she recovered, Mass was ended, and only a couple of women remained of the small congregation.

"How are you now?" the elder asked pleasantly. "You fainted."

Miss Blake tried to rise.

"I suppose so," she said confusedly. "I walked quickly, and I am not used to doing so."

"Just so. I'm the housekeeper. None of the family are at home; but if you come with me, you can have some tea or wine and rest," the woman said.

"Oh, no, thank you," Miss Blake answered quickly. "I have an appointment in Newtown at two o'clock."

"Oh, that's a long time off," the housekeeper rejoined, and whispered a word or two to her companion, who retired. "Now come to my room and rest a little."

Miss Blake yielded. She still felt weak and ill, and the miles to Newtown seemed to lengthen.

As she bent before the altar she gave a little exclamation. "I wondered why the church seemed oddly familiar," she said a minute later. "Now I know. I saw a photograph of it."

"It is considered a very perfect little chapel. Mr. Bellew is very proud of it."

"He should be," Miss Blake paused, and added, "It was during the summer I saw the photograph."

"Yes?"

Margaret Blake was naturally a reticent person, yet, noticing that she and the housekeeper were alone, she said:

"The whole affair was rather curious. I had been upset by the death of my mistress, and I had gone to a lonely little seaside place on the east coast of England named Carelton."

"Carelton!" the housekeeper repeated with some interest.

"Yes. The doctor had advised me to be out as much as possible, and I put his advice into practice. Well, one evening I had wandered further than usual along the coast. There was an old castle on a rock jutting out to sea. The entrance to it was easily effected, and I sat down to rest. I fell asleep. When I woke the sun

had gone down," Miss Blake paused and raised her hand to her head. "I feel giddy still," she said with a little laugh.

"When you woke—" the housekeeper reminded her of her story. "But sit down. My name is Nugent, Mrs. Nugent."

"And mine, Margaret Blake."

"Please forgive me, but go on. I will tell you in a moment why I am so interested," Mrs. Nugent urged.

"Yes. I was not alone in the castle. A young gentleman was there also. He informed me he had been taking a series of views of the ruins. They had some historic interest."

"Yes, yes?"

"He was so engrossed in his work that he did not notice the rising tide. Well, he and I were kept prisoners there till sunrise."

"Who was he?"

"He did not tell me his name; but he showed me some photos he had taken at different times. Among them were two or three of the interior of this church."

"Oh, thank God! His ways are wonderful!" Mrs. Nugent was evidently excited, and Miss Blake looked at her in surprise.

"You don't understand! And I am keeping you here. Come!" Mrs. Nugent led the way into a cosily furnished apartment, and placed Miss Blake in a comfortable chair. In a few minutes she placed the photograph of a young man in her hands.

The stranger exclaimed: "That's the gentleman! I left Carelton next day."

"You never heard, of course?"

"What?"

"I will tell you. The gentleman is Mr. Philip Chetwynd. He is engaged to Miss Norah, Mr. Bellew's second daughter, and at the time the engagement took place every one considered that Miss Norah was about to make a rather poor match of it. Mr. Chetwynd was a barrister, and not a prosperous one. He had been brought up to consider himself heir to a fine property near Carelton; but his uncle and he quarrelled, and it was found the old gentleman had left his possessions to a cousin named Clayburn. In the event of Clayburn dying without children, the property was to revert to Mr. Chetwynd."

Miss Blake nodded as the narrator paused for breath.

"From all accounts Mr. Clayburn was not very

steady. He was often found at the village inn and one morning he was discovered lying dead at the foot of a cliff, over which he had fallen on his way home. Mr. Chetwynd had been in the neighborhood, unfortunately. Worse still, he had been out alone on that particular night. At the inquest he was returned for trial. He told about being surprised by the tide and passing the night in some old building. Very few believed the story. Do you remember the date?"

"Perfectly; the fifteenth of July."

"Exactly. Oh, is it not wonderful! Miss Norah will be happy now. She stuck to her engagement through all, God bless her! The first trial was postponed. You were looked for."

"Where is Mr. Chetwynd?"

"In jail."

"Oh!"

"I am going to telegraph to the master, Mr. Bellew. He'll be home fast enough. And you'll stay here, Miss Blake, till he does come."

Miss Blake protested, and explained why she was in Newtown.

"Miss Bloomfield!" Mrs. Nugent said with infinite scorn. "Why, you couldn't live with her at all. A saint out of heaven wouldn't please

her. See her? Oh, yes, you can see her; and I suppose you ought. But you'll come back here. I'll drive in with you to Newtown."

So when Miss Blake was rested and refreshed, the pair drove into the little town. Poor Mrs. Nugent positively threatened to use physical force in order to keep Miss Blake beside her; and when the interview between the latter and Miss Bloomfield turned out unsatisfactorily, she carried Miss Blake back in triumph to Earls court.

The lady's evidence was quite sufficient to free Philip Chetwynd from any suspicion of occasioning Mr. Clayburn's death. He and Norah Bellew were married quietly soon after his release, and Miss Blake is at present the housekeeper for the young couple at Carelton Towers.

OCT 24 1910

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2010

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

APR 24 1916

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 442 460 0

